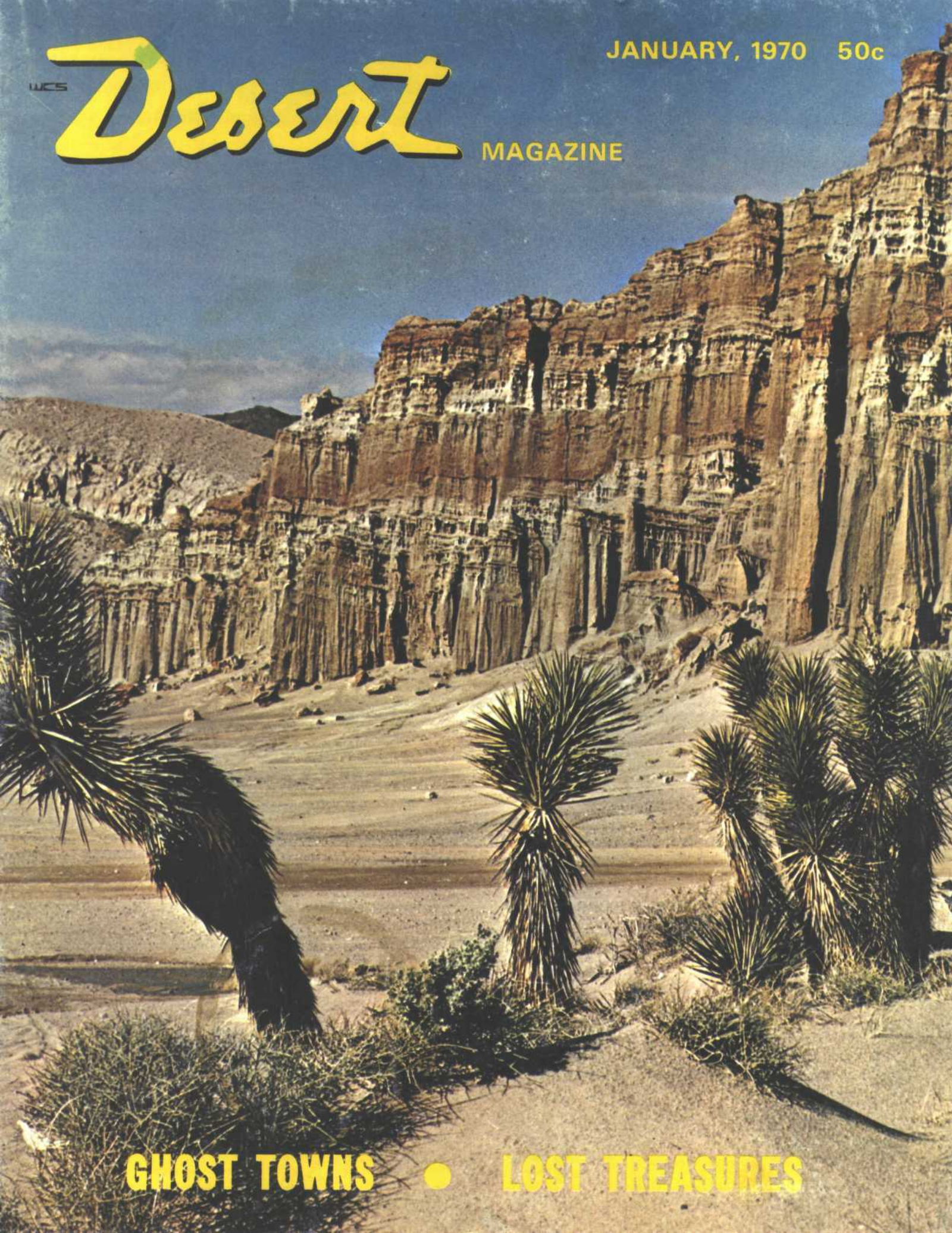


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ROAD MAP OF CALIFORNIA'S PIONEER-TOWNS, GHOST-TOWNS AND MINING-CAMPS compiled by B. V. Terry. More than 400 place names are printed in red on this 38 x 25 blue and white road map with northern California on one side and Southern California on the other. \$2.95.

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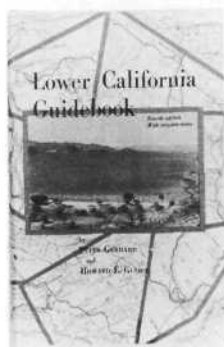
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LOWER CALIFORNIA GUIDE BOOK by Gerhard and Gulick. The authors have revised the third edition to bring it up to date. Veteran travelers in Baja California would not venture south of the border without this authoritative volume. It combines the fascinating history of every location, whether it be a town, mission or abandoned ranch, with detailed mileage maps and locations of gasoline supplies, water and other needed information on Baja. 243 pages with three-color folded map, 16 detailed route maps, 4 city maps, 22 illustrations. Hardcover \$6.50.

NEW MEXICO PLACE NAMES edited by T. M. Pearce. Published by the University of New Mexico, this book lists and gives a concise history of all the places, towns, former sites, mountains, hills, mesas, rivers, lakes, arroyos, etc., in New Mexico, including those settled by the early Spaniards. Paperback, 817 pages with more than 5000 names, \$2.45.

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Desert

MAGAZINE

Volume 33, Number 1 JANUARY, 1970

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Located north of Los Angeles, Red Rock Canyon is now a California State Park. Once the home of prehistoric Indians, today it is a popular camping area. Photo and article (Page 30) by Bruce Barnbaum.

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A Peek in the Publisher's Poke

lapidary and jewelry making and is currently at College of the Desert in Palm Desert. He is ably assisted by his wife, Martha. He is the author of a recently published book, *Faceting For The Amateur*. In addition, he is a Baja California buff, spending his summers there for the past 13 years. A most welcome addition to DESERT Magazine.

Since graduating from the University of California at Davis in 1935, Eric A. Johnson has devoted his time to horticulture and landscape designing. For 12 years he was garden field editor of *Sunset Magazine* and is presently writing weekly for the *Los Angeles Sunday Times*. Presently associated with Neel's Nursery of Palm Springs, his column will cover the high and low deserts of California, Arizona and Nevada. Eric is also an avid bird watcher and has promised an article or two on that area so it looks like we'll get good mileage from the garden man.

We have had numerous reports from the readers that they have had an increasingly difficult time in obtaining DESERT Magazine on the newsstands. If you could drop us a card when this occurs repeatedly we will try to correct this. When corresponding please note whether the dealer is selling out before you have an opportunity to pick your copy up or if he has just discontinued carrying the magazines. In any case, if you had trouble finding the November issue don't bother to write as that particular issue was a *sell-out*. Which goes to prove that the name Death Valley has lost none of its magic appeal to our readers. The response that we have had with the distribution through the Midwest and on the Atlantic seaboard has been most encouraging and the DESERT family is growing by leaps and bounds.

This is the first time that the Christmas Gift portion of the subscription list has been computer processed so I fully expect a boo-boo or two. So if Uncle Jack doesn't get his January issue let me know. Any information regarding time of order or cancelled check will expedite tracking down anyone missing from the gift list. I might also add how much it is appreciated here at DESERT Magazine that so many of you feel that our magazine makes a worthwhile gift. The response was absolutely amazing.

I'm not much for making resolutions, perhaps defeating the purpose by making too many. Here's one for all you readers: Resolve to visit Jack and me at least once in 1970!

William K. Hays

WITH THE New Year of 1970 comes new challenges, new places of interest to visit and explore and to DESERT readers two new columns which were mentioned briefly last month. For the rock collectors Glenn and Martha Vargas will devote their monthly column not only to rock collecting, but will also provide you information on lapidary and jewelry making. Glenn has 30 years experience in these fields and for the past 23 years has been an instructor in

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Book Reviews

by Jack Pepper

THE INTIMATE DESERT

By Walter Collins O'Kane

"All through my life the outdoor world, near and remote, has made its repeated appeals for visits and exploration. A footpath in the woodland urges that I come with it and discover what lies at the hidden end . . . distance is no barrier, but rather increases the strength of the attraction because of remoteness.

"The desert country of the Southwest is in itself an invitation and a challenge. It is a world of its own. Everything that exists within its borders lives a life that continually faces necessity, not merely preference. In softer regions there may be choice without pressure. In the desert, pressure accompanies choice and enforces its way with penalties."

In the preface to his delightful book, Walter Collins O'Kane sets the mood for *The Intimate Desert* and from the beginning to the end he takes the reader with him as he gives an intimate insight into the lives of the plants and animals of this so-called barren kingdom.

But the desert is not barren to the author and in his writing he brings to life and makes the reader feel an association with the plants and animals he describes. You are walking with him as he explores the "hidden" desert and strolls down obscure desert trails.

Even the lowly tumbleweed is brought to life when he ends his description with "a tumbleweed is a confirmed adventurer in the outdoor world." The author's outstanding prose is augmented by the graphic illustrations of Artist C. M. Palmer, Jr.

In his Introduction, the author states: "All through the desert, on mountain slope and in valley, in the sand of a wash and on rocky outcrop, adventure and drama are unfolding . . . The occupants of the stage, countless in their numbers,

are enacting a drama that is vital in its import and rigid in its requirements. In the midst of the vastness of mountains and canyons, the actors live their lives. This is the intimate desert."

Publishers of many fine books, the University of Arizona Press is to be congratulated for including *The Intimate Desert* in the fall selections. Hardcover, 143 pages, \$2.95.

EXPLORING CALIFORNIA BYWAYS — VOLUME THREE

DESERT COUNTRY

By Russ Leadabrand

In his third volume on Exploring California Byways, Russ Leadabrand has 11 trips through the desert country of California. Volume One covers Kings Canyon to the Mexican Border, and Volume Two lists trips around the Los Angeles area.

Although the desert country trips are basically for passenger cars, he does cover a few four-wheel-drive off-roads. Like his other guide books, the author presents historical background of the areas along with descriptions and detailed road maps.

Trips include those to the Mojave desert, Death Valley, Panamint City, El Paso Mountains in Kern County, Burton's Tropico Mine, the Lancaster area, a visit to the San Bernardino Museum, Dale Mining District near Twentynine Palms, San Jacinto and Santa Rosa Mountains above Palm Desert, Anza-Borrego Desert State Park and the Truckhaven Trail.

Paperback, well illustrated with photographs and maps, \$1.95.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

By Joseph Wood Krutch

Photographs by Eliot Porter

Naturalist Joseph Krutch and Photographer Eliot Porter have combined their talents to create a work of art—with nature as the inspiration and focal point for their creativity.

The subtitle of this book is *The Geography of Hope* and can best be explained by the author's words in the Introduction:

"Eliot Porter's photographs, for all their detail and realism, are not just a

traveler's record of Baja, they are works of art which record an individual artist's special vision. Looked at from one point of view, they are primarily mood and pattern pictures. In this respect they belong to the finest tradition of modern art. But they are fundamentally different from pure abstractions because the moods are generated by external nature and the patterns are those discovered in nature, not purely human inventions.

"Porter's is an art which reasserts the old conviction that nature is the source of all beauty and the sole inspiration of art. Much of modern painting turns its back on nature and attempts to affirm man's independence of her. These photographs, on the other hand, reaffirm the conviction of those among us who hold firm to belief that 'in wilderness is the preservation of the world,' not merely because wildness is a source of health and joy but also because it supplies at least the hint seized upon and emphasized by even the least representational forms of art when they are at their best."

The author and the artist selected Baja California as their "geography of hope" because it is one of the few countries within a relative close vicinity of metropolitan areas which have not been desecrated by man and machines. This is due solely to the fact that Baja's roads are only passable with four-wheel-drive vehicles, thus limiting mass travel.

Krutch points out that by "happy chance" Baja was not annexed by the United States in 1848 when those charged with negotiating a peace treaty with Mexico were instructed to ask for but "not insist too strongly" if giving it up appeared to have bargaining value. Mexico wanted to keep it and, as a result, it is in its natural state today rather than being similar to the coastal highway area from Los Angeles to San Diego.

Baja California is the stage selected by Krutch and Porter to present their moving and graphic appeal to keep some areas of the world in their natural state so that man, who, in this modern age is violating and desecrating his birthplace, can find the time and place to once again find peace in the silent world.

After reading the text accompanying the 73 four-color photographs, you, too, will want to return to nature and all her surroundings. Heavy paperback, 160 pages, \$3.95.

Rambling on Rocks

by Glenn and Martha Vargas

WE ARE frequently asked questions about geodes. How are they formed? What are the minerals in them? Where are they formed? And, most frequently of all, is any round rock a geode? We are not able to completely answer some questions, because geodes are highly variable geological phenomena, and formed under a wide variety of conditions.

The term geode comes from the Greek word *geos*, meaning the earth. In the truest application of the word, a geode is, more or less, a spherical rock that is hollow. The internal cavity may be lined with crystals of different minerals. When the interior is solidly filled with minerals such as agate, quartz, or calcite, the term nodule should be used. The two terms break down at the point where they overlap.

Where does a geode end and a nodule begin? If one could find a pinhead size hole in the center, would this automatically make it a geode? This could lead to long arguments, and still not really settle anything. This geode versus nodule definition is somewhat ridiculous as it is worthless unless the object is broken or sawed open in order to see the interior. Here we shall use the word geode when the interior is obviously hollow, and use nodule for those that are solid or virtually so. We shall discuss geodes now, and cover nodules in a later column.

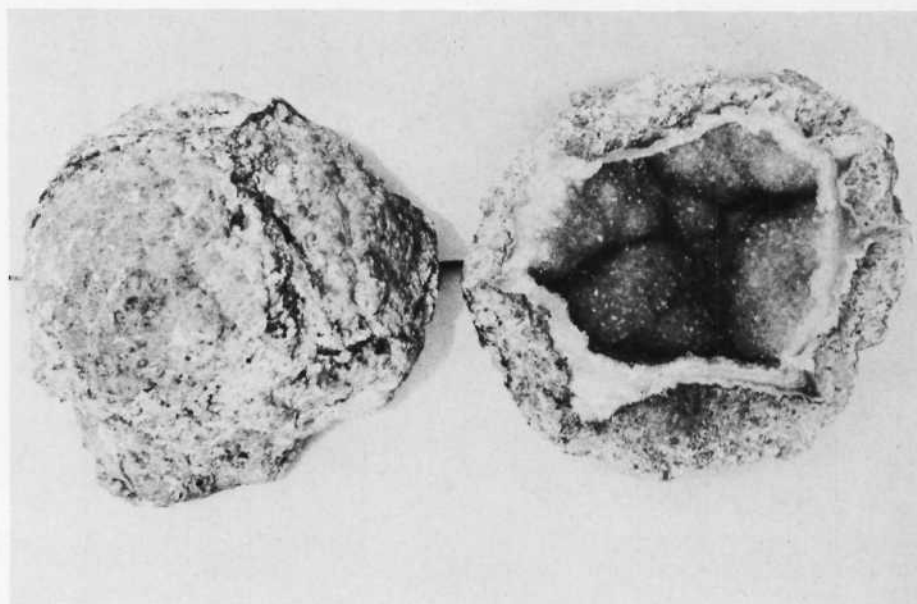
Geodes are found in many locations throughout the world, but the greatest number of locations are in desert areas. The sites where they can be found are usually in volcanic ash beds. This has given rise to the common term "geode beds." Finding geodes in volcanic ash automatically presupposes that they are of volcanic origin, which is usually true.

Geodes are sometimes found under other conditions which we shall cover when discussing nodules.

We are not sure the formation of geodes is completely understood, but we have a pet theory that we like because it has a minimum of difficulty to answer side issues. If geodes are commonly found in volcanic ash beds, they must, in some form, have been ejected from a volcano. This was done in the form of a ball of mud-like material, falling with and being covered with ash. After a period of time, the mud dried and solidified into a hard rock-like material. The drying took place from the outside inward, creating a hard shell which shrunk slightly to give the typical wrinkled surface. This dried shell stopped further shrinkage in size. Any shrinkage as a re-

minerals, much as water precipitates on the inner surface of a bottle.

Many minerals were dissolved during the ascent through the rock layers, and these could easily be deposited in the geode. Each mineral will precipitate at a different temperature. Under such conditions, minerals are usually deposited in layers, each formed at a different temperature. The first layer could be agate, colored by some impurities; followed by quartz (the same mineral as agate, with little or no impurities), with later depositions of calcite and others. The quartz is usually clear, but may be lightly colored, or perhaps amethyst. This coupled with the colors of the other minerals makes a beautiful interior. A radiating group of perfectly clear quartz crystals, with the tips of the individual crystals



Cut in half, geode shows rough exterior and beautiful interior crystals.

sult of further drying took place on the inside, and eventually created the hollow interior. The end result was a shell with a number of cracks or opening from the outside into the hollow interior.

This hollowing out of the "mud ball" took place under high temperatures. Subsequent to the drying out, extremely hot vapors and gases were rising from the earth's interior, just below the ash bed and its underlying rock layer. These vapors are capable of dissolving many minerals and transporting them upward. Finally, upon reaching the ash beds near the surface, the temperature dropped to the point where these minerals could no longer stay in solution. The cavity tended to have an affinity for these precipitating

capped with more quartz crystals, or jet black calcites, is a thing to behold.

There are many easily accessible locations in the desert of Western United States where geodes may be found. The finest concentration is in Riverside and Imperial Counties of southeastern California. The Hauser geode beds are the best known. Others are widely scattered in Arizona's Yuma County, Utah and Nevada. Past issues of *Desert* and other periodicals contain explicit directions to many of these locations.

The geode is still a thing of some mystery, but this feature of not being totally explainable adds intriguing thoughts to their unending physical beauty. □

TRAIL

OF THE

GRAVES

by Walter Ford

DURING THE late 1860s Tom Cullen, or Culling—history is not clear on the spelling—established a stage station on the Wickenburg-Ehrenberg road about 10 miles east of the present town of Wenden, Arizona. He needed water for his station. The death of many travelers who had perished on the long waterless stretch gave the route the ominous name of "Trail of the Graves."

Although marauding Apaches accounted for many of the victims, many more died from thirst. Culling located his station in a spot where experts insisted no water could be found, but easy discouragement was not one of his faults. He drilled a well and eventually found an abundant supply of water.

Early Arizona history records little of Culling's activities between the time he built his station and his death, when Joe Drew showed up on the scene to take over Culling's work. Drew had not only the qualities of a true humanitarian but

possessed imagination as well. Late one evening at the end of a withering summer day while reading in his station, a young man nearly dead from thirst staggered out of the desert and fell at Drew's doorstep. After being revived, the wayfarer told Drew he had given himself up to die, but seeing the light made one final effort to reach the station.

The next night Drew swung a lighted lantern from a tall pole mounted on his well frame. The light was visible for many miles along the trail, and for years it guided the weary travelers to water and safety. Thus came into being the paradox of a lighthouse on a sea of sage and sand.

The chief incentive to travel over the Trail of the Graves was the discovery of gold in 1863 by Henry Wickenburg, about 12 miles west of the town which now bears his name. The mine which Wickenburg called the "Vulture" became one of the greatest producers of gold in the Southwest. (See *Desert*, December '69.)

Hostile Apaches were quick to take advantage of the increased travel over the

Wickenburg-Ehrenberg road. Many prospectors, whose thoughts were more concerned with finding a second Vulture mine than being alert to the Indian menace, paid for their carelessness with their lives. The Apaches became so bold in their attacks on the white man that General Crook was ordered to the scene to replace General Coleman, who allegedly was unable to cope with the rising tempo of depredations against defenseless travelers.

Arriving about the same time was a peace commissioner named Vincent Colyer, who was sent out from Washington to soothe the Apaches with music other than the sound of a rifle. It was Colyer's belief that increased rations were all that would be necessary to curb Apache attacks, but even during the year he was attempting to put his program into effect some 40 more murders were charged against the roving bands.

When General Crook assumed command of military operations in the Wickenburg area the harassed settlers felt that at last they could look forward to the day when Apache atrocities would end, but when that would have arrived under ex-





*Stage station at Cullings's Well
as it appeared in 1954.*

isting military plans is now only a matter of conjecture. A group of Apaches were involved in an incident which completely changed the military schedule and hastened the time when the whole tribe would be brought under absolute subjugation.

On November 4, 1871, a stage coach containing eight men and a woman left Wickenburg for California. About ten miles west of Wickenburg Apaches attacked the stage and killed five of its occupants instantly. Two received wounds from which they died later. The two surviving passengers barricaded themselves within the stage and held off their attackers until they could make their escape. The loot taken by the Apaches amounted to about \$12,000, but perhaps even more welcome were several jugs of liquor

Continued on Page 39

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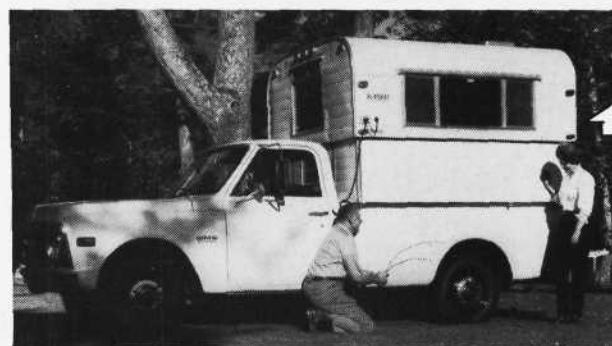


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Dreams Turned to Dust

by Betty J. Tucker

As my husband and I drove our camper across the Amargosa Desert on the California-Nevada border and up the road that winds between the Bullfrog Hills and the Bonanza mountains, we spotted some rhyolite, a greenish quartz rock. Harry pulled over to the side of the road and, as I picked up a chunk of the rock, it seemed to squat down in my hand. Now I knew what had prompted Shorty Harris to call his discovery the Bullfrog Mine.

On that August day in 1904, Shorty Harris and Ernest Cross had left Daylight Springs with a string of burros and the everlasting hope for a discovery. They were headed toward Goldfield, and had agreed to share anything that they might find fifty-fifty. This was a precaution most miners used when prospecting together.

They were traveling along, poking into rocks and always alert for the first sign of color, when Shorty or Cross (they never settled which but Shorty took the credit) found a greenish quartz rock shot with gold. Certain they had found a bonanza, they staked their claim and "hot footed" it to the Beatty Ranch. Next day Old Man Beatty located the Mammoth claim. Cross and Harris went on to Goldfield where they told their friends about the find. It assayed out high and the rush was on. From then on the town of Rhyolite grew rapidly on speculation and the conviction that gold was "everywhere in them hills."

Holding a piece of the colored rock in my hand, I turned it over and over

as Harry and I talked about the way they must have felt at such a discovery. I think Shorty liked the prestige of discovery more than the wealth it might have given him. The thrill of being the "good guy" outweighed any potential wealth as he got drunk in Goldfield and sold his half of the mine for less than \$1000. Most of that he lent to his friends. Cross sold his half in 1906 for \$25,000 and bought a ranch in California near San Diego. He was one of the few to profit from the "big strike."

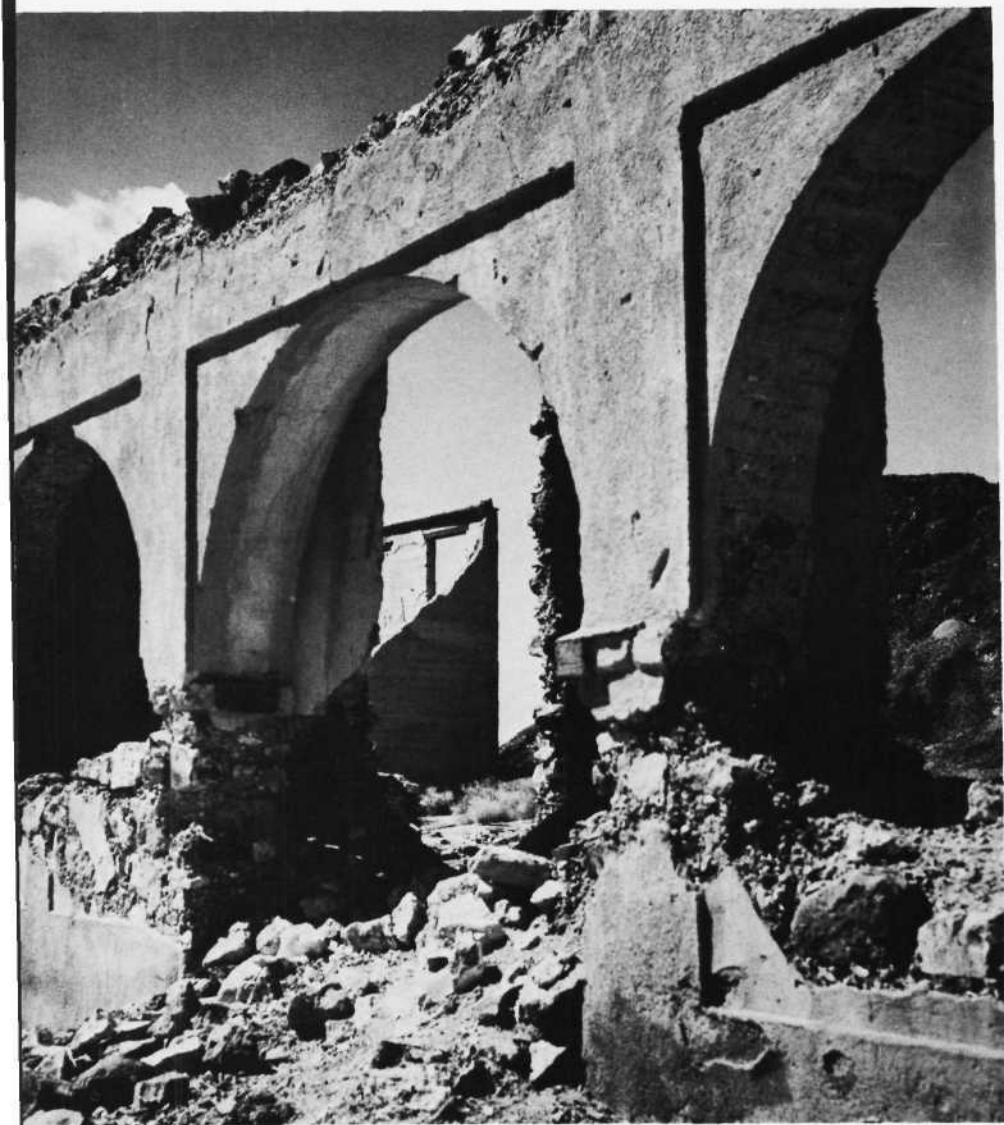
As we drove up the once populated Golden Street of Rhyolite we felt the ghosts of the dreams and high hopes lingering around the ruins of the old town. In 1904, thousands of men, women and children had camped on the slopes of the Bullfrog Hills in canvas and bur-lap tents. They wintered there, scarcely able to keep warm. Fuel was scarce. They

cut down anything on the barren desert that would burn. Water was hauled in from Beatty and the price was much higher than they could afford. Were they chasing rainbows or did they hope to gain a home, property and a place to raise their children? As we looked over the desolate slope there seemed to linger a certain *feel* of these rainbow chasers.

The big speculators who encouraged other "moneyed" friends to invest in the burgeoning city could afford the disappointments that came later. Our tent dwellers couldn't. They worked hard and built their hopes into a sturdy, stable community.

Finally they had dry goods stores, two newspapers, two large banks, and even a post office flourished after a timid start in a tent in 1905. By 1907 the post office boomed along with everything else and moved into the basement of the Cook





Buildings of the once booming town of Rhyolite, Nevada are fighting a futile battle against the elements.

building (one of the large bank buildings). It boasted a postmaster, assistant postmaster, and a money order clerk. The 10,000 people of Rhyolite also voted for and built a \$20,000 school but it was never used to its full capacity as the town by then was on its way to a slow demise.

We parked our camper in front of the ruins of the H.D. and L.D. Porter dry goods store. The brothers had been in business in Randsburg. When they heard of the big strike in the Bullfrogs they decided to follow the golden star and in March, 1905 they crossed Death Valley with an 18-mule wagonload of merchandise. Now, 65 years later, all that remains of this once proud and thriving business is the store front and the walls tapering down and clinging to the encroaching desert.

Across the street and slightly up the hill are the ruins of the three-story John

S. Cook and Co. bank building. Besides the post office, it housed brokers offices upstairs. It was a fancy building with imported stained glass from Italy and mahogany baseboards from Honduras. As we walked over the weathered threshold and picked our way through the fallen cement blocks and wrought iron railings, we felt very close to those eager, gold searching pioneers who tried to instill civilization in the unconquered desert.

We drove up the hill and stopped before an impressive brick building on the front of which was a large "Rhyolite" sign.

An elderly lady was puttering in the shade of the porch. She was tall, thin, and wore a large floppy hat perched on top of her greying hair. Mrs. Herschel Heisler lives alone in what used to be the Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad Station.

In 1908 it was the finest in Nevada. Now it serves as her home and a tourist attraction. Mrs. Heisler's husband passed away recently but she told us how they had spent many happy years searching the abandoned town for "left behinds," some of which are now on display for sale or just enjoyment.

Surrounding the old station is a large collection of pick axes, old shoes with weathered, cracked and curling soles (my but they had small feet in those days!) huge blackened coffee pots and old blue and cream colored chipped enamel kettles that made chimes as they clanged together in the wind.

Driving down the hill we stopped at the famous bottle house. No one was there at the time so we walked up and looked at the construction of the house. During the days when Rhyolite was first growing, lumber was scarce and what was available was expensive. However, bottles could be picked up from any friend or behind any saloon. One miner who either drank a lot or else knew a free "brick" when he saw one, built his house out of beer bottles. Through the years the hot desert sun has turned the empty bottles into beautiful shades of purple

Continued on Page 37



by Ken Marquiss

THE CASTE system is not exclusively the tainted property of the Hindus. I have some well-heeled friends from college days who make a fetish of trying to figure the market trends. They cool their breakfast coffee by panting over it until the morning paper comes with the latest quotations. They have reams of loose-leaf notebook pages covered with mathematical hieroglyphics and mystic symbols they say are the basics of "charting"—and would you believe it, these Brahmins think *I'm* a crazy wild-eyed gambler chasing a needle-in-the-haystack just because I like to prospect and look for buried money with a metal detector.

If the whole truth were known—and reduced to batting averages—I have a hunch my "gambling" odds are almost as respectable as their "earnings-to-capital-gains-ratio" mumbo-jumbo!

So this is written for my *own* caste; the understanding, respectable haystackers and doodlebuggers—who lack the funds to fool with ticker tape, and have their own ideas of who's crazy.

At the mouth of narrow Mill Creek canyon, up above Redlands, California, is a Southern California Edison Company powerhouse built many years ago. The water that spins the turbines is diverted out of its course several miles up Mill Creek above this generating plant. It runs at an easy gait in a ditch and flume combination along the south wall of the canyon until it reaches the nose of the ridge directly above the powerhouse, where it spills into a reservoir kind of thing called a forebay.

A big steel pipe connects the forebay to the powerhouse, and by the time the water drops all that distance it really has plenty of zap when it hits the turbine blades.

The amount of water power needed for the generators fluctuates considerably with the time of day, and the load on the electrical system. The electrical engineers, not being politicians, know the logical place to stop trouble is at the source—and so today the flow of power is regulated at the forebay by big electrically controlled valves at the head of the pipe.

In the old days (which were not so long ago) before the big automatic valves were put in, the water flow was regulated by a large hand wheel turning on a hefty worm screw that, in turn, opened and closed the valves. Turning this wheel was the job of the forebay tender. The amount of flow needed was phoned up from the powerhouse, and the tender set the valves accordingly.

It was a very necessary job, quite easy and with a lot of fringe benefits—but boring, and very confining. However, it suited "Old Man Wagner" to a tee so he kept the job for a long time.

He seems to have been a bachelor—whether officially or not I don't know—and he soon enough had figured out the rhythm of the flow levels, so that he could almost set the valves by the time the big outside bell for the phone rang.

The tender's house the company supplied was nice and snug; the climate was

brisk and bright, and Wagner found he had almost unlimited time at his disposal. Visitors were infrequent and so like Robinson Crusoe, he set about to make himself comfortable—AND to develop a food supply.

The tender seemed to have been endowed with strong squirrel instincts—in more ways than one, as it later developed! He had free rent, the need for clothes was reduced to a functional minimum, and if he could raise the major part of his own food—then the salary checks could be mostly gravy (or nuts) to be cached away. This pleased him no end.

The last time I was at the forebay the cement walls of his above-ground potato cellar and pantry were still standing, the fruit trees in the orchard still made a mecca for the deer in the fall, and what was the garden plot was weed strewn but still reasonably level.

Not having known old man Wagner myself, I can't vouch for what follows—but I talked to several people who did; and their stories were like a horsehair rope; multicolored and differing in minor details, but all tying together and going the same strong way.

The forebay tender soon developed certain peculiarities that irritated the accounting department down in the big office. But he was too steady and reliable to fire, so all they could do was fume and send "please note" memorandums to the personnel office complaining that Wagner took his own sweet time to cash his paychecks and was lousing up their

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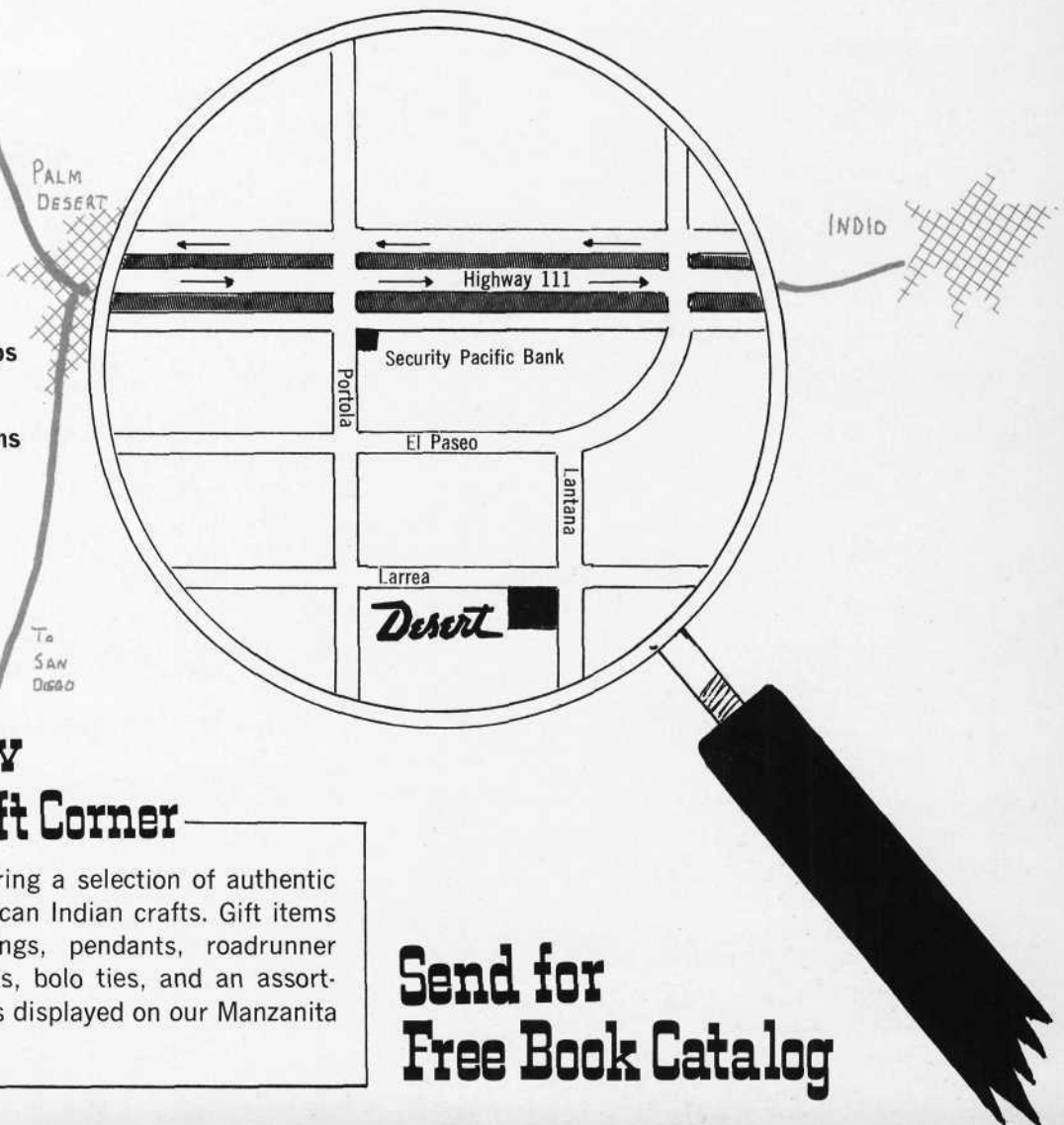
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*Mill Creek power house.
Pipe trench scars go up the
mountain behind it to
the forebay.*

bookkeeping system again—the ultimate sin in any proper accountant's bible!

Three or four times a year he would send his accumulated checks down to the bank with a certain camp supply man he trusted, to turn his pay into ten and twenty dollar gold pieces. These gold pieces seemed to travel a one way road, because "that old tightwad never once paid for his skimpy supplies and his canning jars with anything but silver"—probably the silver change left over from multiples of ten! No half-eagles for him!

The miser tendency seemed to apply only to money, for he was reported to be a genial host to his few visitors. He was an excellent cook, and had developed genius at preserving and canning the bounty of his orchard and berry bushes.

The meat wasn't limited to slab bacon and brush rabbits, either. I've seen trout big enough to lap both sides of a frying pan, feeding at the foot of the flume spillway; and the forebay is in the lower manzanita and pine zone. An old deer hunter once told me he was caught in an unseasonal snow storm, took shelter at the forebay, and "ate the best plate of fast veal and applesauce in my whole life" at Wagner's table.

Just how much gold actually hibernated at the cabin by the forebay can only be guessed at—but the estimates of those who are supposed to know range from \$7000 to \$12,000. If found it wouldn't be enough to endow a charitable foundation—but at the present market for gold coin it would sure make a lulu of a grub-stake!

The only person who ever saw part of the money was a certain "widow" of the foothills area who was an occasional weekend guest at the forebay. She is reported to have said that one night after supper her host was full of cork conviviality, and, doing some tall bragging, resented her laughing skepticism. He went outside "towards his pantry, and stumbled around in the dark for awhile." When he came back he was carrying two canning jars, one big, one small, packed

to the lids with gold coin. She said the big one was so heavy she could barely lift it.

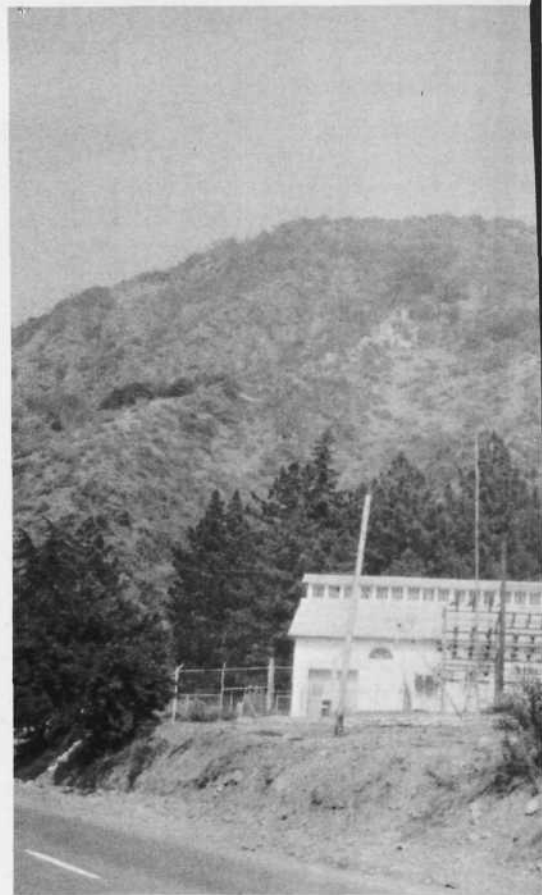
I only heard the story second hand, but the gist was he spread a flour sack on the table, dumped the coins (as fast as a Vegas pit boss) and then let her run her fingers through the tumbling gold for fun—"But he watched me like a hawk; it was spooky, and I was sort of scared!" He later replaced the gold in its hideout, still without benefit of a light.

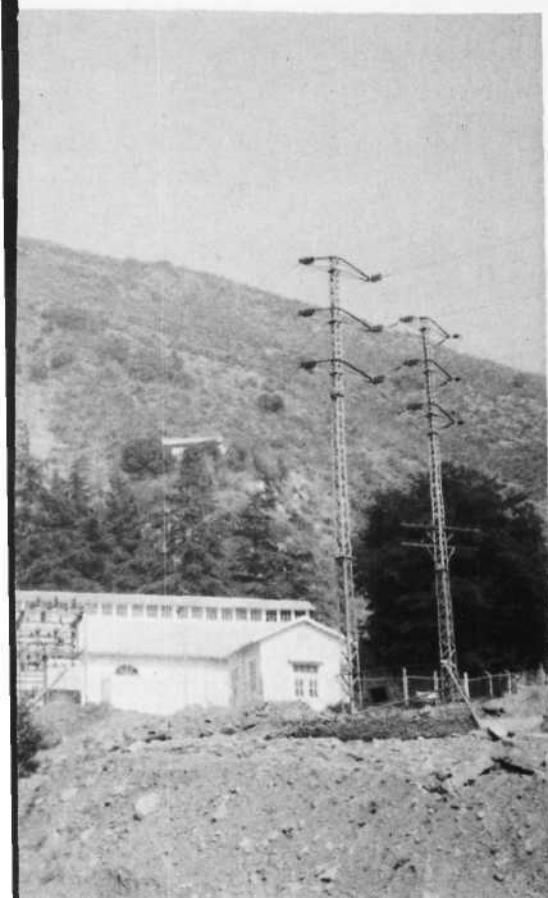
The next morning as dawn was drifting down off of Old Grayback (Mount San Gorgonio)—while Wagner was still snoring—she sneaked out in her slippers to the pantry and garden to have a look around. But wherever the hiding place was she couldn't locate it.

An hour or so after breakfast he spotted her tracks, a first class war dance ensued; and *that* was the last time *she* ever visited the forebay area.

It wasn't too long after this trouble the hoarding project came to an abrupt end. Perhaps the treachery triggered what developed.

The trusted supply man on his next trip to the little flat by the forebay, was greeted by a volley of wild cursing and gunfire—and after the first fractured sec-





ond of surprise he made a frantic dash for the cover of the manzanita clumps beside the turn in the trail. His return journey down the mountainside broke several local records, and he wasn't long reporting in to his boss.

The authorities were notified and, after some skirmishing, Wagner was captured and taken in a straight jacket to the insane asylum across the San Bernardino Valley.

The old man subsequently had a number of visitors to the institution (friends and otherwise) who found him "perfectly normal" until the inevitable subject of his last two uncashed checks (or his gold) came up—and then there was no doubt as to his condition. He passed away in the asylum without ever improving.

I first heard about the gold at the forebay from a money hunter of great zeal but questionable tactics, who was constantly teetering along the brink of the law. He had a heavy antiquated "boxes and sticks" metal detector, and he swapped me a lot of information for repair work—and to double check with my new detector some of the places where he had picked up questionable beeps with his old bug.

He claimed he was present when they tore down the old forebay tender's house, and that the gold was NOT in or under the house. So the cache has to be somewhere else in the vicinity.

Shortly thereafter this doodlebugger stepped over the legal line and was picked up in Arizona for assaulting an officer on a grand-theft-auto. He went to prison for a long stretch.

Not wishing to be snared in his disrepute, I went to the Edison Company's San Bernardino division to see if I could get permission to really search the forebay area on a legitimate basis.

It was not easy. They didn't want people "fooling around the forebay," they didn't know anything about the story, it was almost forest fire danger season, etc.

I finally found an older official with a sympathetic ear, who knew all about the chain of events. He verified the basics of the tale, but his estimate of what had been hoarded was in the lower end of the bracket. He wouldn't make a guess as to whether the gold was still there or not, but he had not heard of any local people blossoming out with sudden spending money.

If I could get an okay from the Forest Service, he would give his blessing—"But (and he pointed a finger under my nose) there is one condition, I don't care *what* you do with the gold if you find it, but **WE WANT THOSE CHECKS!!!** For years now our books have had a conditional balance. We want to final it!"

On the theory that Wagner was reasonably sane when he hid the stuff, I packed in pup tent, detector and cooked food; and bugged every spot that seemed like a reasonable hiding place—and then a lot of others that were unreasonable—without any luck whatever.

I mean no disrespect of course, but if you can "relate" (as the hairy, unwashed academic freedom fighters say) to a crazy man better than I can—and can figure out where he cached his goodies—then don't forget the oblique, gently warped code of ethics of *our* caste, to wit:

Don't tell anyone anywhere anytime what you found—and DON'T fail to mail back those unendorsed checks to the big wheel with the ulcers in the accounting department of the Edison Company! □

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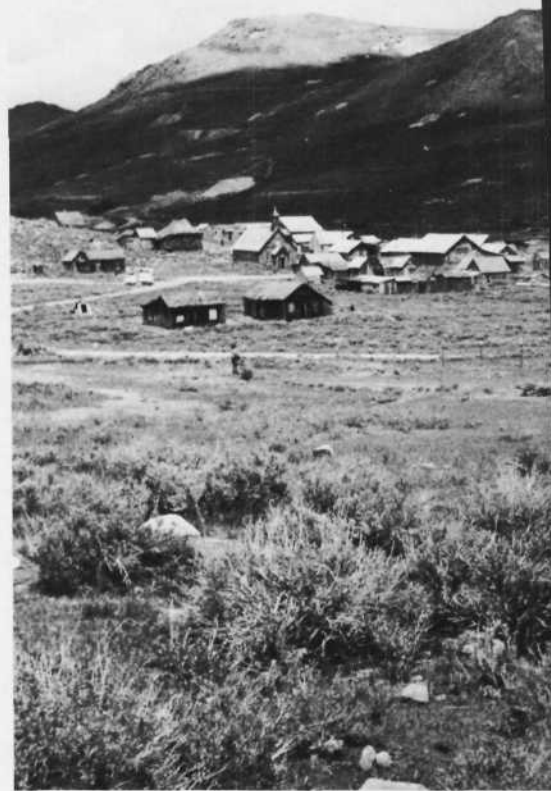
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Lottie Johl- Bodie's Sad Soul

by Marion Holbrook



NO ONE on the good side of town knew that Lottie Johl existed until she married Eli, a prosperous butcher. Then the tongues wagged and whispers flew, for Lottie was a girl from the Red Light District and Eli was the partner of Charlie Donnelly, whose wife, Annie, was mighty high-falutin'.

"Will Annie accept Eli's wife?" was the question on everyone's lips. For in the 1880s, even in the boisterous gold rush community of Bodie, California, respectable folks had very strict rules. Those who broke with convention were censored, regardless of any consideration.

Annie Donnelly didn't approve of Eli's rough ways and broken English, but he was Charlie's good friend and partner and had been invited to attend all the social affairs for Bodie's High Society at the Donnelly home. Occasionally Eli accepted an invitation, but more often he was drawn to the part of town that the "nice people" frowned upon. For here was gaiety, music and dancing, pretty girls and laughter.

Eli loved to dance with the beautiful girl with the hazel eyes named Lottie. He was enchanted with her lovely smile and soon found himself falling deeply in

love with her. He showered her with expensive gifts, and when he asked Lottie to marry him she didn't find it hard to reach a decision. She liked Eli, he had been kind to her, and Lottie felt she could be happy as his wife. But she didn't reckon on Annie and her influence with the "good" women of the community.

When Annie learned of Eli's marriage, she attempted to persuade her husband to sever his business relationship with Eli. Charlie refused. Not only was Eli Johl his good friend, but Charlie knew he was the brains of the business, having learned the butchering trade in his homeland of Germany. He was the one who tended to the buying of the livestock and the work at the slaughterhouse, while Charlie was content to wear a white apron, stay in the shop, and wait on the customers. This arrangement was far more to his wife's liking, also, for shortly after her marriage to Charlie she had set herself up as the social leader in the bustling town.

Eli built a lovely home for Lottie and furnished it in an elegant manner. He gave her the finest piano that was ever brought to Bodie. But no one came to visit. Despite Lottie's attempts to make

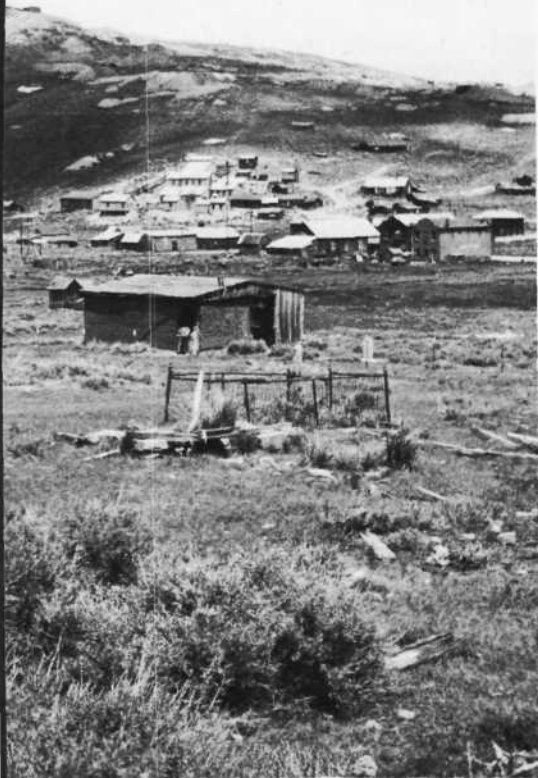
Eli a good wife, and to conduct herself in a proper manner, the "good" backs were turned upon her.

Before Annie Donnelly's marriage she had been an art teacher and her home, so often filled with guests, was decorated with her paintings. Lottie decided she would learn to paint like Annie so people would flock to her home to see her paintings, too. So Eli sent for the best canvas, oils and brushes, and Lottie painted. Garish pictures they were of landscapes and sunsets, but Eli told her they were splendid, and she continued to paint until the house was cluttered—but still nobody came to call.

Then came the night of the Grand Masquerade Ball. Eli was sure if everyone could see how beautiful his new young wife was they, too, would fall in love with her and forget her past life. He ordered the finest gown he could find—a gorgeous creation of white satin, trimmed with rhinestones and pearls. On her hair she wore a tiara of diamonds. Eli insisted Lottie go alone so no one would suspect her identity. She put on her mask and went without him.

"Who is she?" "Who can it be?" All of the women were envious of the myster-

The once prosperous gold rush town of Bodie, California as it looks today. Interior of home of Eli and Lottie Johl (below) where Lottie spent her lonely days. Photo courtesy David V. Cain Jr. and Fearon Publishing Company.



ious stranger in her stunning gown, whose beauty had drawn a constant succession of dancing partners. To Lottie, it was like a taste of the old days with so many adoring admirers. Then came the roll of drums and the breathless wait for the announcement of the winner of First Prize for the Most Beautiful Costume. "The young lady in the white satin dress," called the chairman of the committee.

A moment of hesitation on Lottie's part, then she reached up and removed her mask. A stunned silence fell upon the crowd. An astonished "Lottie Johl" escaped from someone's lips. Her partner looked embarrassed and quietly walked away, leaving Lottie alone in the center of the ballroom. As the committee looked at one another and realized their blunder, the orchestra swung into a fast tune. Her head held high, Lottie quietly walked to a seat and sat down. One of the committee members approached her, leaned down and whispered. What he said no one heard, but it was apparent he had cruelly asked her to leave for she immediately rose from her chair and left the hall.

This bitter and final rejection of Lottie ended all of Eli's efforts to have her ac-

cepted. From that time they grew closer to one another and were content to no longer seek outside friendships.

Then real tragedy struck. A slight illness befell Lottie, and the druggist in preparing a prescription order for her, mistakenly substituted a deadly poison. Lottie's life ended when she was 44 years old. The date was November 7, 1899.

Rules in Bodie regarding burials were unyielding. An illegitimate child born into a family heretofore considered respectable was not allowed burial inside the fence at the cemetery, even if they owned a plot. So, too, did the "high and mighty's" decree for Lottie; those who had set themselves against Lottie in life refused forgiveness of her past even in death. But there were some who had a change of heart, and pleaded that she be buried in a proper place. Many felt Lottie had rightfully earned a decent

burial. A compromise was reached, and Lottie was buried on the inside in the farthest corner of Bodie's cemetery. To this day the grave, surrounded by an ornate fence, is pointed out to tourists.

Eli mourned his lost love and made daily visits to her grave. On Memorial Day he decorated the grave with bunting and flowers, and placed there an enlarged, colored photo of Lottie. He wanted everyone to remember how pretty she had been and feel remorse they had treated her unjustly. Hundreds of curious sightseers came and left with sorrow in their hearts, but not for Lottie. Their sympathy was for this sad man who had lost his dear one.

Before the decline of Bodie, Eli bought out Charlie Donnelly and ran the business alone. He lived on in the cottage he had built for Lottie, with everything just as she had left it. When he did leave the dying town no one knew his destination.

In winter, the snow falls and covers the graves in Bodie's cemetery and not a human thing moves among the stones. In summer, the warm winds whistle across the hill as the curious wander among the graves. Down in the deserted town the picture of Lottie that decorated her grave hangs in the Museum below one of her paintings. Lottie Johl is better known in death than she was in life. □



Pegleg and a Paiute

by John Townley



A SHORT PARAGRAPH in a Nevada newspaper 67 years ago is one of the few references in print to a fabled bonanza that was worked sporadically by a Paiute Indian renegade and probably discovered by Thomas L. "Pegleg" Smith. The connection between these two has never been made and is the basis for this article.

On March 21, 1902, the following notice appeared in the *Pioche (Nevada) Record*: "John McClanahan, who took a trip back to old Missouri to rest his weary bones, recently returned to Sandy, and is now out hunting up what is called the 'Mouse' mine. The Indian Mouse used to bring in rich ore, and it was to this mine he was guiding the two prospectors whom he killed several years ago. John knows the locality of the mine and believes he will be able to unearth it."

The Lost Pegleg has been pursued by treasure enthusiasts for well over a cen-



Headframe of the White Hills Company (right) where Mouse clerked before he murdered two prospectors. Somewhere on this dry lake (opposite page) Mouse was pursued and killed.

tury. It has stimulated a long list of books, pamphlets and magazine stories and has been "found" innumerable times; the latest claim being the Mr. Pegleg series in DESERT Magazine starting with the March 1965 issue.

According to Smith himself, the discovery was originally made in the spring of 1827 while he was a member of a beaver-hunting expedition along the Colorado River. Smith picked up small nuggets of what he believed to be native copper in a dry wash on the northwest side of the river near the present town of Overton, Nevada. A quantity of the metal was collected by Smith and others to use as lead for their bullet molds.

The Sutter's Mill gold discovery in California some 20 years later prompted Pegleg to reconsider his earlier decision. Convinced of his error, he organized a prospecting expedition to return to the site in April, 1854. A description of the

party was printed in the April 22, 1854 issue of the *Los Angeles Star*. Sixty days later, the group was back in Los Angeles unsuccessful and dispirited. From that time until his death in 1866, Pegleg continually insisted his earlier discovery was near the junction of the Colorado and Virgin rivers and the only reason he had not been lucky in 1854 was the cowardice of his companions.

Forty years passed before additional evidence was found to support Pegleg's claim. Many changes were made in the area surrounding Smith's campsite of 1827. The valleys of the Virgin and Muddy rivers became farmland and a large ranch was established where the Virgin flows into the Colorado. The Paiute Indians settled near the white

communities and worked in the fields.

Into this farming valley came a Paiute-Mexican halfbreed known as Mouse. He was born in the Indian village located on the reservation at the upper end of the Moapa Valley. The date would be around 1870 since Mouse was in his early twenties when he began exchanging small amounts of placer gold for liquor and merchandise in valley stores about 1890.

That an Indian should have raw gold was not unusual since many lode deposits had been located in the mountains surrounding the valley. Many Indians were passable prospectors and often worked their claims themselves. Mouse worked as a herdsman for Daniel Bonelli and was believed to have located his find while moving cattle from one grazing



area to another. The unique feature of Mouse's discovery was the placer origin of the nuggets. When questioned, Mouse smiled gently and suddenly was unable to understand English.

After several years, the inhabitants became accustomed to the trade. The amounts were minor, and desert placers had a history of being small and low-grade, usually hardly worth the trouble to work them. No one connected Peg-leg's earlier discovery with Mouse. Old-timers in Overton maintain that the nuggets were encrusted with black, dull

The next morning, Mouse was sobered up in the horse trough and discharged.

At the time, the mining camp of White Sills, Arizona, only 40 miles south of Bonelli's landing, was at the height of its boom. Mouse drifted into the town and managed to get a job in a mercantile store because of his facility with English. After a month's stay, he stole a rifle, provisions and a horse from his employer and headed back for Nevada. He reached the Colorado opposite the mouth of Las Vegas Wash and mired his horse in the quicksand while trying to cross. He walk-

word back to the remaining man by Mouse if they thought they would be occupied for more than two days. With this agreement, the two prospectors and Mouse left camp heading northwest into the mountains that rise from the Colorado River channel.

The next morning the crew back at the Bonelli ranch discovered one of a matched pair of grey horses and a bridle were missing. A set of tracks showed the animal had been led from the corral to a nearby arroyo and then headed cross-country toward the Las Vegas Ranch. A group of ranch hands started after the unknown thief, but arrived too late to find either the horse or its rider.

When Bonelli's impromptu posse reached Las Vegas Valley, they stopped first at the Kyle Ranch. The Kyle family had seen Mouse earlier that morning, and he had been on foot. His story was that his horse had gone lame and he was forced to shoot it. He was armed with a new repeating rifle and a pair of revolvers. Also, he refused to stop for more than a quick meal, explaining he was in a hurry. The Kyles noticed that Mouse kept going toward the northwest and did not stop at the Paiute village beside Las Vegas Spring.

The return trip of the posse took them past the camp of the prospector party visited by Mouse earlier in the week. The remaining man asked if any of the group had seen his two partners. Five days had passed since they had departed, and no word had been passed back to him on their activities. The entire party returned to Bonelli's ranch and outfitted for a search of the area where the miners were supposed to be working. Two days later the bodies of Davis and Stearns were found at the bottom of a cliff in almost inaccessible country.

Both had been shot through the head at close range with a Colt 45. The position of the wounds showed they had been following Mouse up the cliff when he had shot each of them quickly from above. The supplies and equipment had been taken, but the personal effects of the men were intact. Mouse had been after a camping outfit and took the easiest means of obtaining one. Bonelli wrote to the Lincoln County (Nevada) Sheriff's office and rewards for Mouse were offered by both Nevada and Arizona. The description of the renegade that Bonelli



This historical photograph shows Daniel Bonelli's ferry on the Colorado River as it appeared at the time of the Mouse murders.

metal that had to be shaved with a knife to expose the golden core.

The climax to Mouse's story occurs—as any good treasure story should—with a double murder. Despite his good fortune, Mouse continued to work for the Bonelli family, who pioneered the settlement of Rioville, where the Virgin meets the Colorado. During the Christmas holidays of 1896, Mouse bought a bottle of Christmas cheer and proceeded to become king of the hill in the camp that housed Bonelli's Paiute workers and their families. Usually tolerant of what transpired after working hours, Bonelli and his foreman had to disarm Mouse after he decided to shoot up the camp with his Colt.

ed upstream several miles and saw a miner's camp on the opposite side. A couple of shots from his Winchester alerted the miners, who crossed the river in their driftwood raft and carried Mouse over to the Nevada side.

The next morning, Mouse offered to show the miners his gold deposit in return for their favors. Mouse must have told his story convincingly because the three prospectors decided to split up, leaving one man to watch the camp, while the other two went with Mouse. In anticipation of spending several days sampling the lode, the two miners packed a heavy load of provisions and tools for the trip. It was agreed they would send

gave was not one to inspire confidence. Mouse was of mixed Paiute-Mexican ancestry, 5 feet 2 inches in height, about 115 pounds, spoke good English, had a round face with full cheeks, and habitually carried a pistol in the top of his leggings.

At the end of April, Mouse deserted the Indian Springs area and returned to his native Moapa Valley. He was still living on the provisions he had taken from Davis and Stearns, plus what game he could bring down with his rifle. When he returned to the Overton area, he supplemented his flour and beans with whatever he could steal on raids among the valley farms. This was very trying for both Indian and whites since the men were gone during the day and their families were almost always alone.

On the 4th of July, 1897, an Indian returning from the celebration found that someone had stolen cabbages from her garden. A posse was formed and spent almost three weeks on the trail. They covered parts of the Muddy Mountains that had never been seen by white men. Mouse's Tanks, now a familiar tourist attraction at the Valley of Fire State

Park, was located, as were many of Mouse's camping sites.

Eventually, the constant strain of pursuit wore down the speed of the Indian killer. The posse was constantly provided with fresh horses and men. George E. Perkins was a member of the posse and tells the end of the story in "Trail of a Renegade Pahute" published in the November, 1939 issue of Desert Magazine:

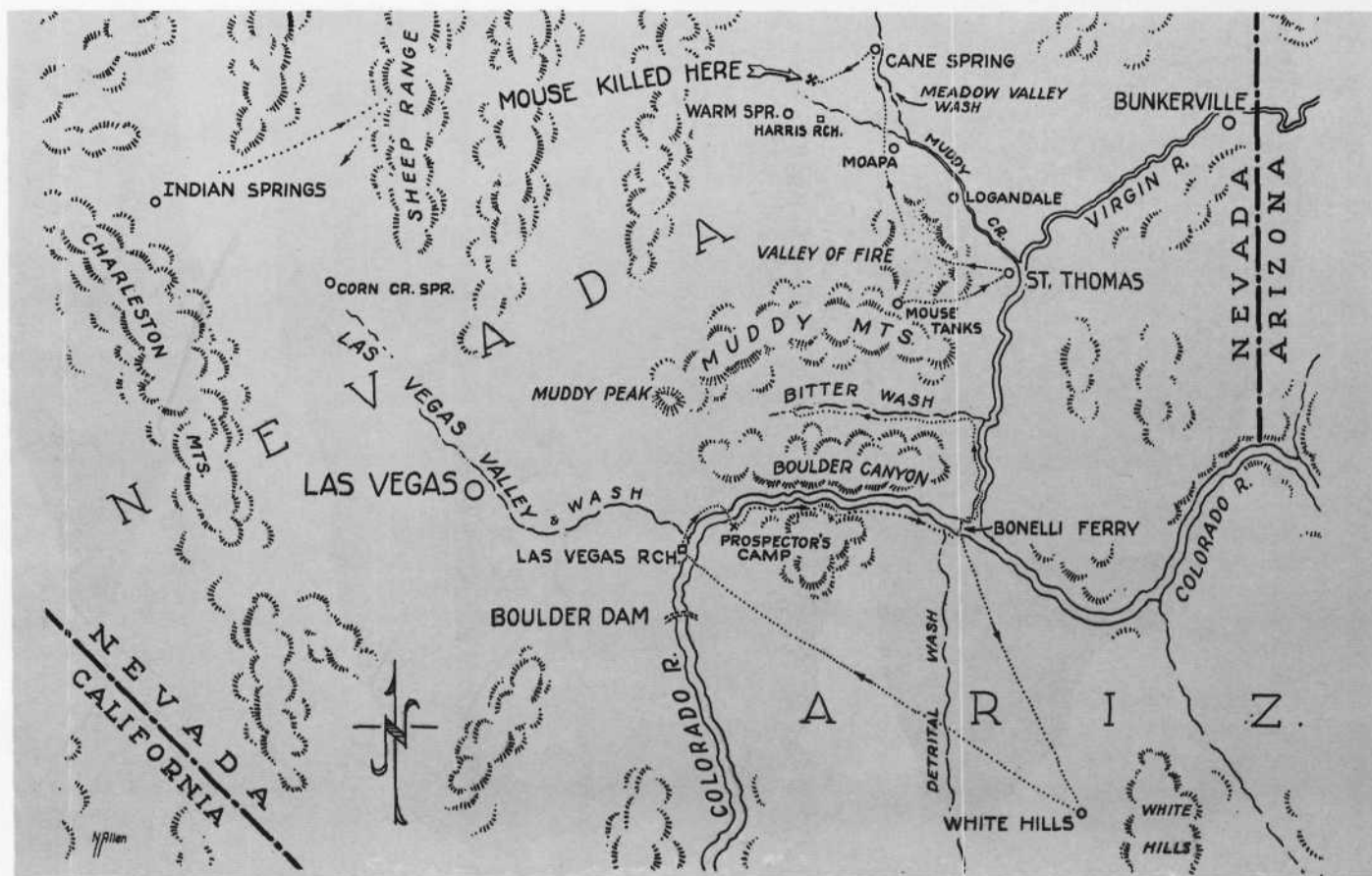
"He was sighted crossing a smooth clay flat. The Indians fired the first shot, and Mouse returned the fire. He would empty his gun, turn and run while reloading, but the renegade dropped, and the posse coming up to him saw the Indians shoot more shots into his body to make sure he was dead. Mouse still had the rifle he had stolen at White Hills Store and the six-shooter of Davis; the boots of Stearns he had made into moccasins. The heavy mustache he had worn had been plucked out to disguise himself."

On the 22nd of July, 1897, Daniel Bonelli sent in his account of the pursuit and death of Mouse to the sheriff's office and the case was closed. Despite the rewards offered by both Arizona and

Nevada, none of the posse collected a cent. Mouse was buried where he fell, and the spot is even forgotten today. One fact is indisputable; none of the posse received a waybill to Mouse's gold lode. He was dead before any of the riders reached him.

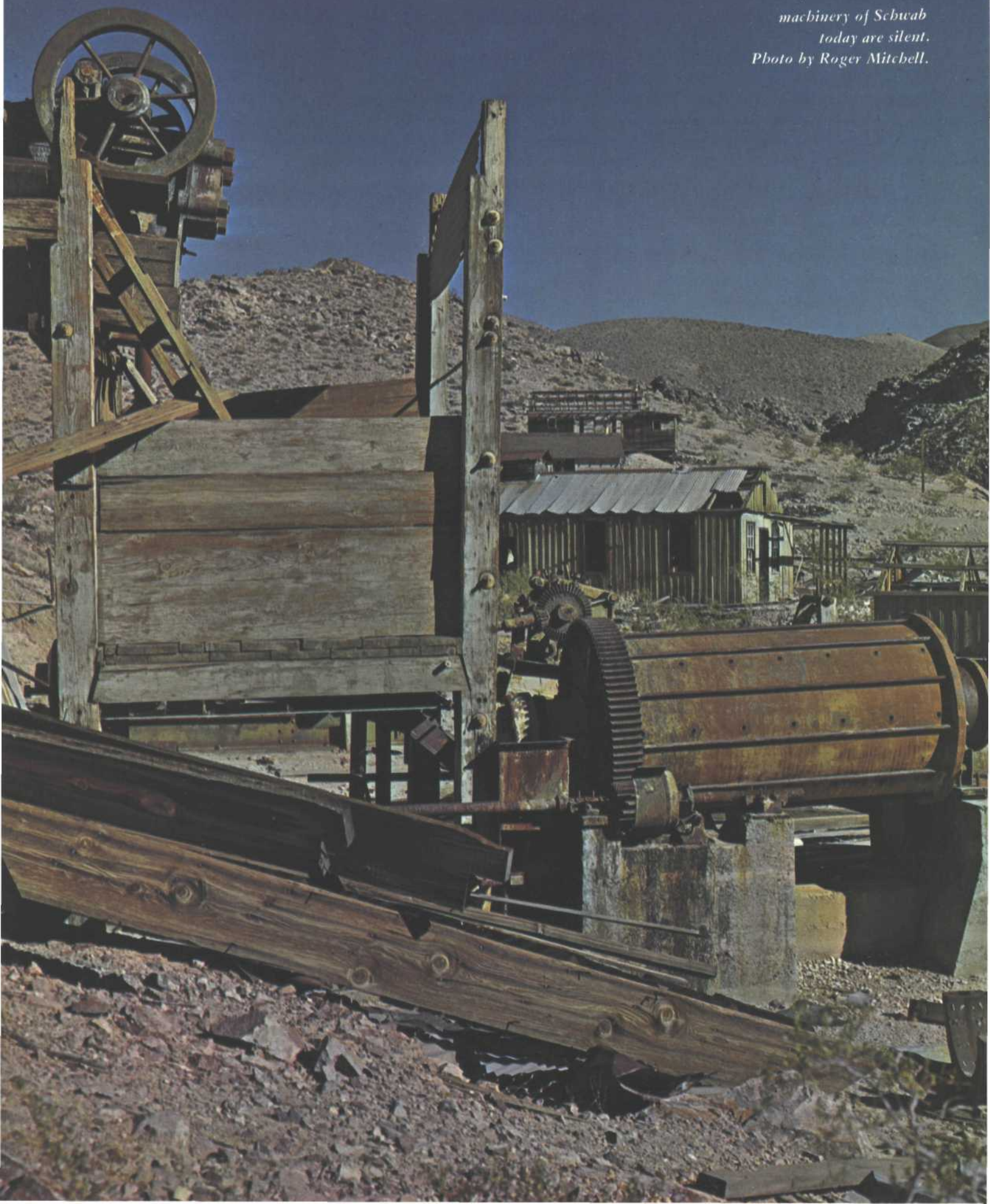
Although many experienced prospectors and local inhabitants searched for Mouse's deposit, no record can be found of any further discovery. There is little doubt that Mouse's discovery corroborates Pegleg's story of his 1827 find and the subsequent expedition of 1854.

Today, much of the Muddy Mountains are included in Nevada's Valley of Fire State Park. The setting must be suitable for western adventure and treasure since the park is increasingly used by motion picture studios for film epics of the western type. Both *The Stalking Moon* and *The Professionals* have been filmed there in the past several years. The only treasure found seems to be what can be picked up by businessmen in the Overton area from the movie companies. Who knows, maybe you'll have better luck—but outside of the State Park where digging is prohibited. □



Map showing the route of Mouse, the renegade Indian who killed two prospectors, and where he was finally slain. Much of the area in Southern Nevada today is covered by Lake Mead.

*The stamp mill and mining
machinery of Schwab
today are silent.
Photo by Roger Mitchell.*



Schwab Swings



NE of the most unusual but least known ghost towns in Death Valley is the once roaring mining camp of Schwab, located in Echo Canyon. It is an interesting half-day trip from Furnace Creek for four-wheel-drive vehicles.

Between 1901 and 1907, the mountains on the east side of Death Valley contained a score of optimistic mining camps. Some of these camps developed into thriving cities, and towns like Rhyolite have managed to leave their imprints on the pages of history. In other communities like Schwab, the cycle of birth, boom, and bust did not take long. Today the sands of Echo Wash have reclaimed what briefly belonged to Schwab, and history scarcely remembers its finest hour.

Charles M. Schwab was a steel magnate, financier and noted mining speculator of the times. He had acquired controlling interest in the famous Montgomery-Shoshone Mine at Rhyolite and had bought many promising claims at Greenwater.

Although it was not true, people seemed to think that whatever Charlie Schwab touched, turned to gold. Therefore, it was not unlikely that the citizens of Echo Wash chose "Schwab" as the name of their camp. With a name like that, investors were bound to be attracted. Perhaps the logic partially worked. The Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad had their tracks a few miles east of the Funeral Mountains, and they

were considering a spur line over to Schwab. A rival line, the Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad actually had the road grade to Schwab surveyed. Unfortunately, the bank panic of 1907 struck a demoralizing blow to mining speculators and Schwab was among the early casualties. If the quartz veins of Echo Wash contain much gold, most of it is still there.

To reach Echo Canyon and the site of Schwab, take State 190 up Furnace Creek Wash. At a point two miles east of Furnace Creek Inn, look for a small sign on the left side of the road reading "Echo Canyon Jeep Road." Turn left here, starting up the wash. After three miles you will enter the canyon.

At a point $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the highway look for "Eye of the Needle," a natural window eroded out of the canyon's right wall. At a point 7.2 miles from the pavement, the wash divides. Take the right fork and within a mile and a half you will see the weathered buildings which mark the site of the Inyo Mines. These mines were worked during the depression years of the 1930s and many of the buildings are in relatively good condition.

Backtrack down the wash a quarter of a mile, and you will see a road passing an abandoned cabin and crossing a low ridge to the north. Turn off here and you will soon be in the next wash to the north. Turn right again, going up this wash. After a little more than a mile you will reach the site of Schwab. Only a few foundations and crumbling ruins remain as a symbol of man's shattered dreams. □

No Longer

by Roger Mitchell

THE DESERT FOX

by K. L. Boynton © 1969



SMALLEST OF the canine tribe residing in North America, the desert fox is indeed a desert fellow at heart. From the soles of his feet, haired to carry him skimming lightly over a loose sandy surface, to the tips of his tall air-conditioning ears, this miniature fox is specialized for desert living. In fact, his particular kind is found only in the semi-arid and arid regions of the great Southwest. He is known as *Vulpes macrotis*—fox, big eared.

A handful of fur and bone, decorated by large ears and a bushy tail, the desert fox is surprisingly little, averaging only three to five pounds and standing about 12 inches at the shoulder. (Cousin red fox, perhaps weighing as much as 12 pounds is small, too, but a whopper in comparison.) Dainty and shy, this Lilliputian desert dweller seems too fragile for such a harsh environment.

Yet he's at home in the worst of ter-

rains—in places avoided by even the doughty coyote—places which, because of extremely tough conditions for prolonged field work, most scientists likewise avoid. Hence, only bits and pieces were known of the affairs of this elegant little animal until biologist Egoscue, making the most of a stay at the U.S. Proving Ground in Utah's desolate desert, began a study that went on for several seasons.

He worked in a valley at an elevation

of some 4000 feet. It consisted of flat areas with stunted growths of shadscale, inkweed and the like, some taller greasewood flats, and a dune region bearing various desert shrubs such as salt bush, shrubby buckwheat and Indian rice grass. Marking off an area of some 25 square miles he determined to find out how many fox neighbors he had in the first place—residents and transients—by live trapping, tagging and releasing all adults and pups. By recapturing the foxes as often as possible, he also expected to find out how they moved about in this area, how they made their living and what went on socially speaking.

Coming out of his burro in the cool of the evening, the desert fox begins a systematic check of the better hunting spots, trotting lightly along, his sharp nose busy testing the night air for news of rodents feeding. Too small and short-legged for a long chase, he hunts on padded feet, ears cocked for the slightest rustle until—close on the scent—he begins his stalk, moving in quietly, tensing for a final swift rush and capture. So fast are his reactions, so good his body control for quick turns and reverses, that even that most artful of dodgers, the kangaroo rat, can't escape him.

Like all the dog tribe, the little desert fox has a face full of business-like teeth, the main performers being four long sharp pointed canines up front for grabbing and holding, and a pair of back teeth upstairs and downstairs on each side that come together like blades of a scissors—excellent for severing tendons and ligaments and chopping meat up into chunks small enough to swallow.

A pigeon fancier when he can get one, he has the fox family's neat trick of shearing off the tail feathers close to the flesh to leave the succulent pope's nose. For variety, insects are caught, cactus fruit eaten.

Of all possible delicacies the jack-rabbit is his favorite and a triumphant capture here nets a big meal, plenty for a family back home if papa is hunting for the youngsters. But it's hard to catch one of these long legged speedsters who is off and away at the slightest sound, and a fox has to be a good stalker to connect with one. Overcoming the jackrabbit is a big job since it is just about the same weight, and is equipped with powerhouse kicking machines in his hind legs

and feet. One fox tagged had a blind eye—no doubt compliments of a jack-rabbit.

A diet of fresh meat gives the desert fox the moisture he needs even if water is unavailable. By staying in his burrow during the heat of the day and hunting at night, he avoids lethal temperatures. He also utilizes evaporation for cooling, panting like a dog. His outsized ears further present a large surface to the air through which heat is lost, a cooling device also seen in certain other desert dwellers such as jackrabbits, burros and cousin fennec fox who lives in deserts of the Old World.

His fur coat acts as an insulator against heat. Dusty hued in color, it makes a good camouflage when the fox is abroad daytimes before the sun gets too hot. A heavier coat donned by October keeps him active through the severe desert winter, his big bushy tail serving as a wrap-around comforter for nose and paws when he curls up to sleep.

The desert fox uses his den year around, and that is probably why he can coexist with coyotes in those places where both are to be found. The entrance to the home den is not more than about 10 inches wide, which discourages bigger animals from inviting themselves in; or, if one such should begin digging, the occupant can hotfoot it out an emergency exit. There are always at least three or four of these back doors. One den, the home of a desert fox family that apparently was taking no chances, had 24, all in use.

The home den is a tunnel about nine to ten feet long, slanting quickly down to about five feet below the surface, where the temperature is fairly stable the year around. There are many side tunnels, one of which is used as a daytime latrine. Repair and upkeep of the home den goes on all the time, debris being kicked out periodically. In his way the desert fox is a gardener, since around his den the plants, if any, are greener, compliments of fox fertilizer.

In addition to home sweet home, the fox has several emergency pop-in burrows located usually near the hunting ground.

Preparations for family raising begin in January and the first business at hand is the selection of a different den, since those occupied since last fall are loaded

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with fleas. Old unoccupied dens with spiderweb "vacancy" signs across their entrances are inspected, and a flurry of housekeeping takes place. Debris is hauled out, new emergency exits opened up. As a matter of fact, two or three dens might be renovated with Mr. Fox doing most of the work before the she makes up her mind finally that THIS ONE IS IT.

Gestation probably takes about 49-55 days. Most litters arrive in March, and generally consist of four or five woolly youngsters, furred like collie pups. They nurse for about 10 weeks, papa keeping their mother well supplied with food.

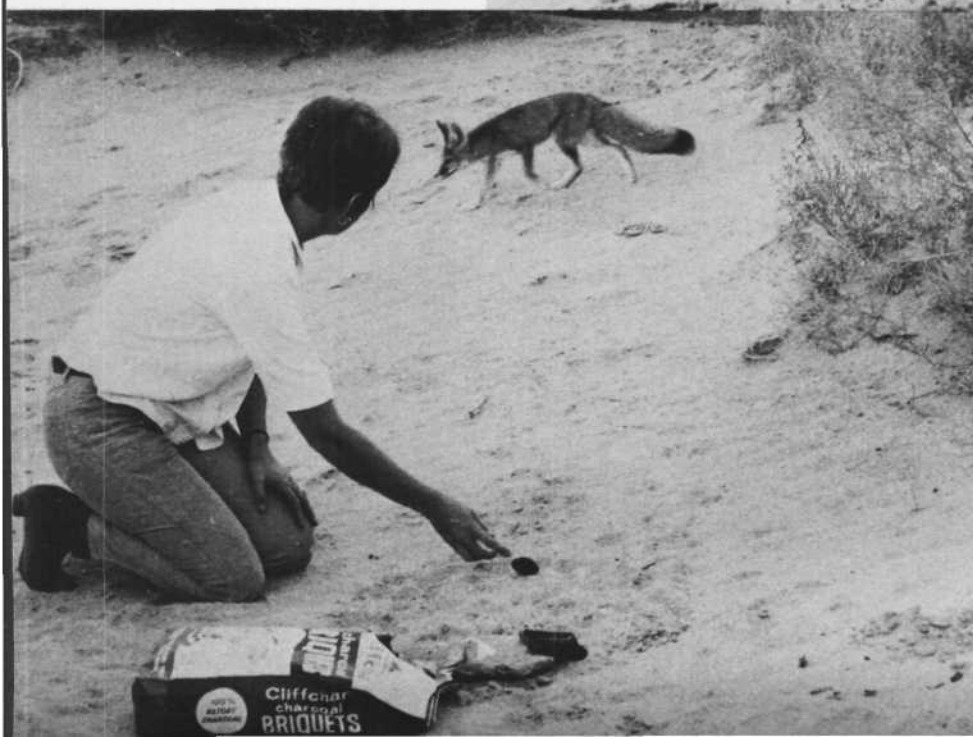
But once the pups are weaned, both parents work the hunting detail. If something happens to the mother at this point, the father takes over the entire feeding and training job by himself—a very long haul since it may be October before the pups, almost fully grown, are smart enough to shove off for themselves. They apparently disperse well outside the area.

For a little job, the desert fox can make a lot of noise, and possesses a surprising repertory. There's the good old standard dog tribe bark with varying tones—Mrs. Fox using a peculiar sharp one that sends her pups tumbling back into the den. Growling goes on under suitable circum-



As Carol picks up a piece of charcoal, the little fox (below) circles our camp. He did this several times before actually looking at Carol (right) and deciding whether he could trust her.

Evidently he liked her looks (top photo) as he cautiously approaches.



During a recent camping trip with some members of the editorial staff of Desert Magazine to California's Anza/Borrego State Park, we were awakened just before dawn by a kit fox "stealing" charcoal from a half-opened briquet bag. He made several trips, taking one piece of charcoal at a time and not touching the hot dog and cookies I placed on the bag.



stances, prior to a bit of gentlemanly fighting which incidentally involves the use of the bushy tail as a foil, the adversary getting a mouthful of fur instead of connecting with body flesh.

The usual clamor is raised by lost pups and a plaintive "lonesome call" given by paired adults separated one from another. There is also a kind of croaking sound which only foxes understand, and lastly a rattly noise—used when the fox is about to dine on something especially tasty he's caught.

Somewhere tucked inside this diminutive fox body is an outsized curiosity. Abroad in the cool of the morning, he

may sit statue-still, watching proceedings at a desert camp. His dusty colored coat merging into the background, he's only a bit of the big desert, almost impossible to see. Or, if darkness is upon the land, and the fragrance of meat sizzling at your campfire is in the air, you may see him trot, trot trotting at the far edge of the fire's glow, waiting for scraps that might be had.

But should you try to get chummy at any time, he's off like a shot, streaking out over the desert in a flash of instant speed that earned him the name of "desert swift." A bit of fluff—a blur of movement, and he's gone. □



Carol holds her breath as her little friend (left) takes the charcoal from her hand and then (below) heads for home. Evidently he decided he was sticking his neck out too far as that was the last we saw of him. Why he preferred the briquets to the meat and cookies is a mystery.

With daylight, he did not return. However, about an hour later everyone had left camp except Carol Bryan and me. Carol was quietly washing the breakfast dishes and I was sitting in my camper loading my camera when I spotted our little visitor. Carol picked up a piece of charcoal and I took these photographs from the camper. — Jack Pepper, Editor, Desert Magazine.



EXPLORING NEVADA'S GYPSUM

CAVERN

by Florine Lawlor

THROUGH EVERY rift of discovery some seeming anomaly drops out of the darkness, and falls, as a golden link, into the great chain of order in our universe unknown.

Still munching the succulent fibers of the yucca, the ponderous ground-sloth made his way into the cool depths of a large cave. The summer heat had lingered late that year and the cave offered shelter not only for the now extinct ground-sloth, but for Pleistocene man as well. Deep in the limestone spur of Nevada's Frenchman Mountain where the cave is located, a slight tremor began reaching quake proportions only seconds later. Masses of loose rock plummeted from the cave's ceiling crushing animal and man alike. Tons of limestone and selenite gypsum partially covered the entrance to the cave, leaving the dark interior undisturbed for countless centuries.

In 1924, Dr. Mark Raymond Harrington had his first inkling of the cave when several old time Nevadans told of legends that surrounded a large gypsum cave in Frenchman Mountain. Some old-timer claimed a band of renegade Apaches had hidden out there. Others told tales of dried seaweed that covered the floor of the cave. Dr. Harrington, spurred on by these mysterious tales, decided to form an archeological expedition and examine the Gypsum cave for himself. In 1925 he made his way through the low entrance and into the cavernous depths of the fabled cave. Here Dr. Harrington found



Trail leading to mouth of cave (right) is shown behind Volkswagen. Mouth of Gypsum Cave which is located in the spur of the Frenchmen (Sunrise) Mountains. Photos by Jackie Buck.

one of our most important golden links to the past. In the Gypsum cave he discovered the remains of man and sloth that had been entombed for over 8000 years.

The cavern received its name from the large deposits of selenite gypsum that form most of Room Four. The entrance to the cave is 65 feet across and about 15 feet high. It drops sharply for 50 feet and then levels off. The slope is very hazardous due to the rock slides that affected the area for so long a time. The cave is divided into five sections or rooms measuring a total length of 300 feet, the widest spot being 120 feet. Most of the rooms lie below the level of the cave mouth. In Room One, there are a series of crevices that house a great number of

bats. This room was occupied more frequently by man than any other portion of the cave. A layer of refuse measuring over 20 inches in depth is the prime indication. The first layer consisted of ash, charcoal, burned sticks, flint chips, bones, shells of desert tortoises, as well as selenite pendants and braided fiber, grinding slabs and small potsherds. This layer told of frequent visitors and of the early Pueblos that seemed to stay the longest. They obtained the clear crystals of the gypsum and made pendants for ornaments. The Basket Makers frequented the cave also, hunting the mountain sheep that sought the depths of the cavern.

Layer number two consisted mainly of sheep dung, worked gypsum and atlatl darts; layers three and four were very much the same. In the fifth and sixth layers evidence of ground sloth and Pleistocene man living contemporaneously were found. In one place abundant sloth hair was discovered only inches from a dart knife indicating man's hunting the great beast.

In Room Two, brightly painted dart fragments were located along with gaming sticks, atlatl dart shafts, stone choppers and scrapers and flints of black obsidian. Near the surface were two pieces of string made of sinew and a broken flint knife. In Room Five many specimens of great interest, both archeological and paleontological were found. An entire sloth skull, and a beautifully shaped quartzite dart point still showing

the pitch that had been used to attach it to the shaft. Coarse hair and a thicker bone also indicated the Canupalama camel had once used the cave as a shelter.

A few pieces of decorated pottery were unearthed near a prominent fire pit. One of the most interesting finds was a decorated hollow deer hoof rattle. No doubt this had been used in some ceremonial rite. At the northwest end of the room an unusually large desert tortoise shell was found along with the wing bone and some large feather quills of the huge Californian condor. Also unearthed was the intact skeleton of a new-born sloth, the size of a house cat, and that of a small species of extinct horse.

In small crevices a number of specimens of four-inch sloth claws were discovered and in these same rocks where the claws lay was a fiber string with a quantity of small feathers attached, perhaps to form some sort of headdress for the ancient man who had once inhabited the cave.

In looking over the collection of artifacts from the Gypsum cave now on display in the Southwest Museum in Highland Park, California, the question of food stands out as of foremost importance. In Room One, the only room actually lived in by man, many bones of animals were found as were the remains of vegetal foods. The bighorn sheep and the rabbit seem to have been the favorite

Continued on Page 38



RED ROCK CANYON

by Bruce Barnbaum

ONLY A four hour drive from Los Angeles, California's newest state park is a geological wonderland of brilliant red cliffs and caves where Indians lived long before the White Man came to the Mojave Desert.

Red Rock Canyon is composed of three branches, roughly shaped like a capital Y. The longest branch of the canyon descends from the northeast toward the center, while a shorter branch descends from the northwest. Upon merging, the canyon cuts a deep, narrow gorge straight south to the flat northwestern Mojave Desert. State Highway 14, the main artery through the canyon, enters this gorge at the southern end and continues northward past the point of convergence, thus bisecting the canyon. Within the canyon are numerous cliffs, mesas and buttes composed of black, grey, red, white and pink volcanic material which has been tilted by earthquake and molded over millions of years by rain and wind.

Below the cliffs to the east of the highway lies a broad, flat valley floor, basically treeless and flowerless except for a small patch of Joshua trees near the center of the canyon. A primitive dirt road winds its way along the dry, dusty floor from the main highway to the canyon's enclosed northeastern extremity. The bumpy road leads the visitor willing to risk its discomforts past several interest-

ing formations set apart from the main canyon walls. The most notable of these is a graceful beige-brown solitary structure which rises regally from a low hill. Behind it stands a narrow ridge of elegantly fashioned clay and mud. Each vertical column within the ridge is capped with a block of pale reddish-brown lava.

To those interested in exploring the region in greater detail, a short walk from the road to the base of the cliffs—particularly those far into the canyon—becomes a strange, almost eerie experience. The ground is extremely spongy, so much so, that I felt as if I were walking on a firm mattress. What gives the ground its peculiar bounce is the porous volcanic mud of which the cliffs themselves are constructed.

Exploring the cliffs closely becomes a new adventure. The walls, which appear so cleanly modeled from a distance, are seen to be dried, cracked mud at close range. In fact, these solid rock walls are not solid at all, but easily given to crumbling at all but the gentlest touch. Yet, the cliffs often reach heights of nearly 350 feet. Within the deep crevices of the massive walls are large enclosures seemingly open only to the sky. The outside world is far removed from the solitude of these deeply shadowed rooms.

Wildlife in the eastern portion of Red Rock Canyon is far less evident than the



sparse plantlife. Despite my many visits to the area, I have as yet failed to see a snake, lizard, field mouse or any other animal except for an occasional stray bird. I have read that the antelope ground squirrel resides here.

West of the highway a partially hidden, red and white striped cliff marks the southern entrance to the canyon. Beyond this entrance a series of colorful mesas parallel the highway for more than a mile.

The most spectacular of these mesas is three-quarters of a mile wide and rises nearly 400 feet above the center of the canyon. The top is capped by a crust of black basaltic lava 35 feet thick. Below the crust the southeastern slope descends 300 feet at a 30 degree angle. Although the incline is largely covered by lava rock-slides, intricate formations demand at-

tention amidst the debris. They seem to resemble the ruins of an ancient buried city.

Toward the bottom of the mesa, a series of low cliffs drop the remaining 60 feet to the canyon floor. These cliffs are composed of the same highly-eroded red volcanic mud, capped by layers of dark reddish-brown lava as are the impressive cliffs east of the highway.

To the north stands a second, smaller mesa whose sloping face is nearly covered with sand dunes. The northern grade of the mesa is covered with black, basaltic rock. This rocky surface is, in fact, the thick layer of lava that crowns the two mesas when seen from the southeast.

It is now easier to understand the geological forces that were involved in the creation of Red Rock Canyon. Layer by

layer, over millions of years, the colored rocks visible throughout the canyon were deposited horizontally, one on top of another. The repeated action of earthquakes caused the layers to rise at the south and gradually fall at the north. Thus, each major formation of the canyon has been shaped into a broad, sloping incline from the north, but a precipitous cliff from the south.

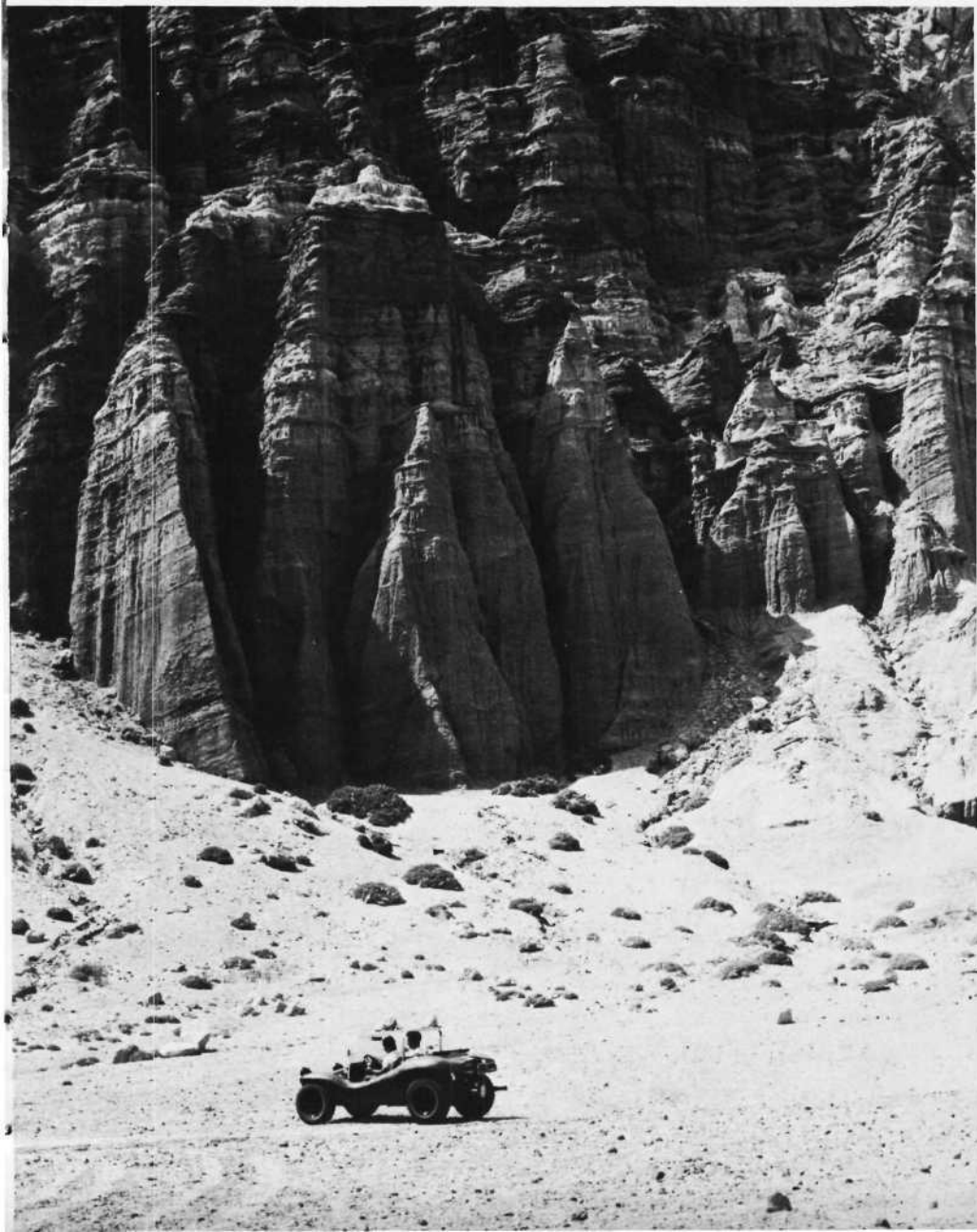
As early as 1915 efforts were being made to set the territory aside as a national monument. In that year John L. Von Blon explored the canyon thoroughly and named many of its outstanding formations with such colorful and descriptive names as "The Pillars of Hercules," "The Temple of the Sun," "The Sphinx," "Buried City" and others. He then presented the first word and picture description of Red Rock Canyon in an article for *Wide World Magazine*.

Von Blon was the first, but by no means the last, to urge officials to preserve this wonderland of geological ingenuity. It took 53 years of urging before Red Rock Canyon State Park became a reality. Finally, in August, 1968, the California legislature passed Assembly Bill 561, providing \$440,000 to establish a 10½ square mile state park.

The passage of the bill was long overdue, for during the past decade the condition of the canyon was allowed to deteriorate to an appalling extent. Inconsiderate campers and motorcyclists had virtually carpeted the valley floor with beer cans, bottles, and junkyard objects. This litter was not confined merely to the flat camping areas, but extended to the base of the cliffs and high into the sculptured walls themselves. In short, the canyon had become a convenient dump for many.

The cleanup job, which has already begun, will be monumental, but the end result will be well worth the effort. Once the litter is removed, park rangers can prevent new abuse from destroying the beauty of the area.

The canyon deserves protection, not only for its unique beauty, but also for its richness and colorful history — history that began millions of years ago in the late Tertiary Era (a geological designation indicating a stage in the earth's history about fifty-five million years ago). At that time the canyon was a swamp rich in plant and animal life. "Today," wrote



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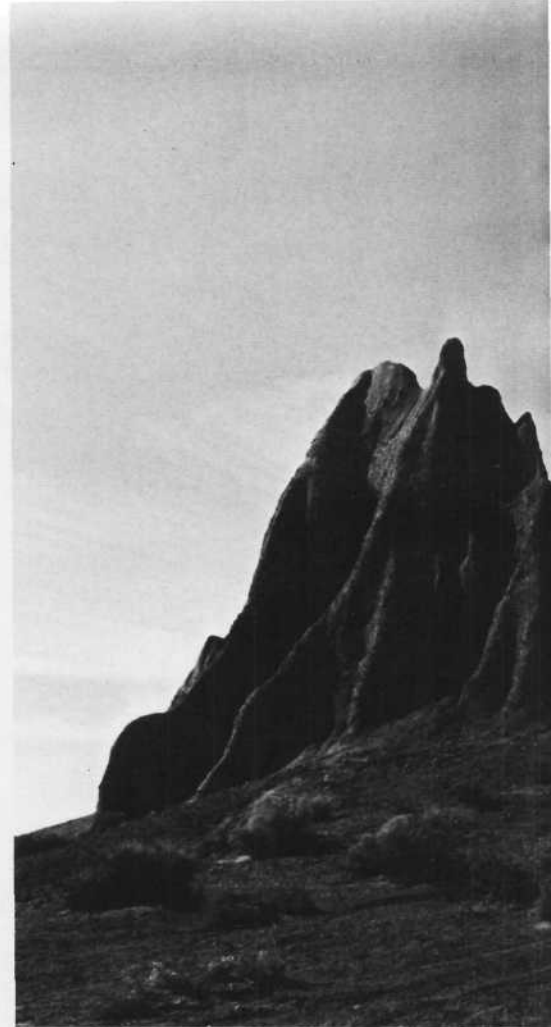
Von Blon, "it is a fossil field which is likely to yield abundantly to expert exploration. cursory search recently has disclosed remains of land mammalia all about—camels, horses, elephants, mastodons and innumerable smaller species. These are embedded in clay and shale, and occur in all parts of the canyon. At the base of the 'Temple of the Sun,' William Mulholland, chief engineer of the Los Angeles aqueduct, found the pertified heel bone of the largest sabretoothed tiger ever to be found in the Western hemisphere."

After the prehistoric animals passed from the scene, man arrived. The canyon, which had gradually changed to the dry, barren area that it is today, still proved to be a suitable home. Indian pottery thousands of years old has been found in wall crevices and small caves in various parts of the canyon. One remarkable set, consisting of 40 pieces of glazed pottery, was found in perfect condition lined up neatly on a natural shelf in one cave. Two inches of dust covered the delicately shaped, thin-walled pottery. The set was obviously made with great pride, for pigments were applied before burning.

More recently, the lure of gold brought many prospectors to the mysterious valley. Red Rock Canyon did, in fact, experience its own small gold rush. Sixteen million dollars worth of the precious metal were taken from the dry placer diggings of the clean sand bottom. In 1912, a single nugget was found which was worth \$600. Imagine the value of a similar nugget in 1969!

In the late 1800s, springs in Red Rock Canyon were used as watering holes for stagecoaches between Los Angeles and Eastern California. The water had a tonic effect, claimed one woman who wanted to bottle it for sale as an all-purpose cure for human ills. She even had a tunnel dug through a cliff to one of the springs. Nothing more is known of the woman. Perhaps she drank too much of the water which, in fact, was not tonic, but toxic, for it was tainted with arsenic! Water is still in the tunnel, but nobody drinks it.

Today, hobbyist-prospectors are frequently seen wandering through the dry washes with pick-axes, occasionally chipping away at a rock that seems to offer possibilities. Many are rewarded with small bits of actual gold.



The most common visitors to Red Rock Canyon are Boy Scouts. They come every weekend during the fall, winter and spring months. Most hike deep into the canyon to camp beneath the delicate drapery-like formations and enjoy the resonant echo chambers found far from the main highway. Family campers are also visitors to the canyon. They are usually camped near the main highway, beneath the most imposing and colorful cliffs.

Now that Red Rock Canyon has been designated a state park, it will likely become a major recreational area of Southern California. Underground water, which will be tapped for camping facilities, is abundant. A visitor center will be built to dispense information about the geology, history and wildlife of the region.

The final plans for development of Red Rock Canyon will be completed within the year. Currently, surveys and feasibility studies are underway to determine park boundaries, camping sites, roads, trails and other necessary improvements. Once these improvements are completed one of the most beautiful spots in the Southern California desert will be available for full enjoyment by all. ☐



Sunrise at Red Rock Canyon. A band of clouds enhances the dramatic sights of the canyon area in the early morning. Several movies have been filmed at the location.

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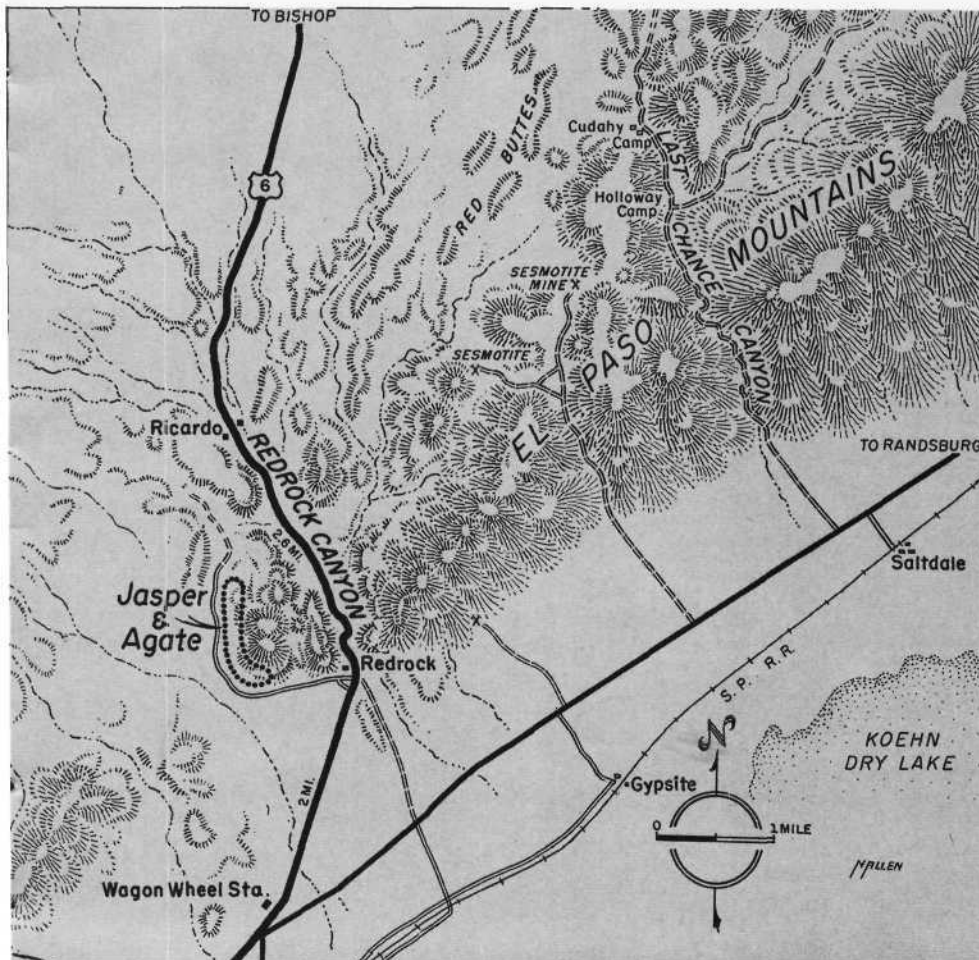
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SILVER PEAK, Nevada GHOST TOWN WITH

SILVER PEAK, one of Nevada's earliest mining camps, first died in 1869. In the 100 years since then, the old settlement near Nevada's southwest border has lived and died a number of times. Recent mining and chemical developments are adding another page to the camp's history and modern trailers are in sharp contrast to ruins of the earlier pioneer periods.

Silver first was discovered in 1864 high on an odd-shaped mountain overlooking a great sink. Ore was rich enough to warrant a 10-stamp mill, then a larger 30-stamp was added. Two years later the reports of mining activities in the desert reached Nevada's first governor who decided to visit the vast, little known area of his state. Today it is difficult to visualize Silver Peak in the role of entertaining Governor Blasdel and the 18 officials in

his party, as well as an area for the supply wagons, the buggies in which the visitors rode, saddle horses and a mule pack train.

Proud of being honored by the governor, Silver Peak was a place of activity and frontier social life. Though the military and the miners had little use for each other when liquor released their feelings, there was no unusual discord during the official visit and the camp leaders hoped the governor was dully impressed with the civilized state of the growing settlement.

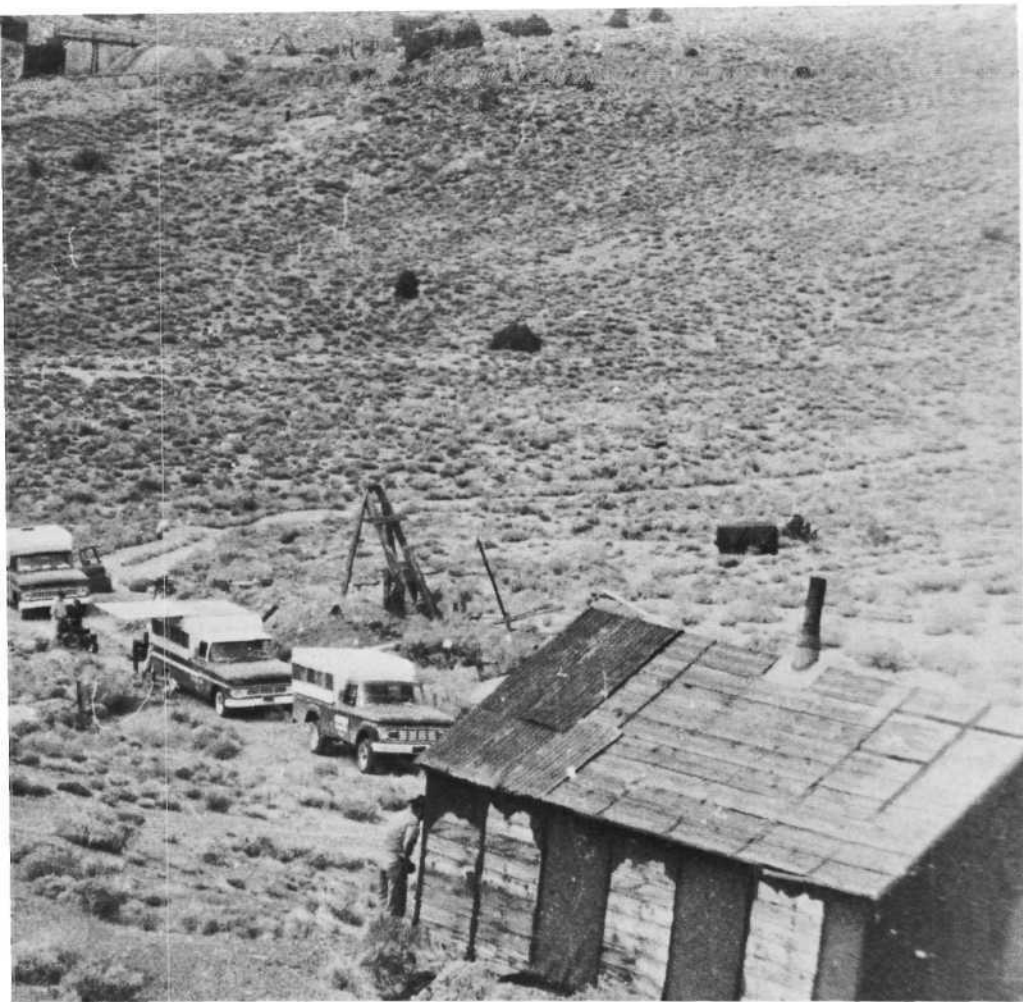
Three years later Silver Peak had dropped from notice in the mining world and public interest was directed elsewhere. No really rich silver values had developed and the camp was deserted except for a few prospectors who stayed on to work their small holdings. In the

hills the Mexican miners continued to tunnel and process their ore in the primitive arrastras, the remains of which are still to be found in the more isolated areas.

The Tonopah and Goldfield booms sparked new interest in Silver Peak and a wave of prospectors rechecked the old diggings and searched for new ore outcrops. In 1907, nearly 40 years after the first discovery, Pittsburg Silver Peak Gold Mining Company bought up several mining properties. A new boom was on when they built a branch line to the Tonopah-Goldfield railway to serve a 100-stamp mill and cyanide plant. Silver Peak was well on the way to being Nevada's top producer of low grade ore.

The prospectors, miners, floaters, get-rich-quick guys and gals poured in. There was an abundance of saloons compared

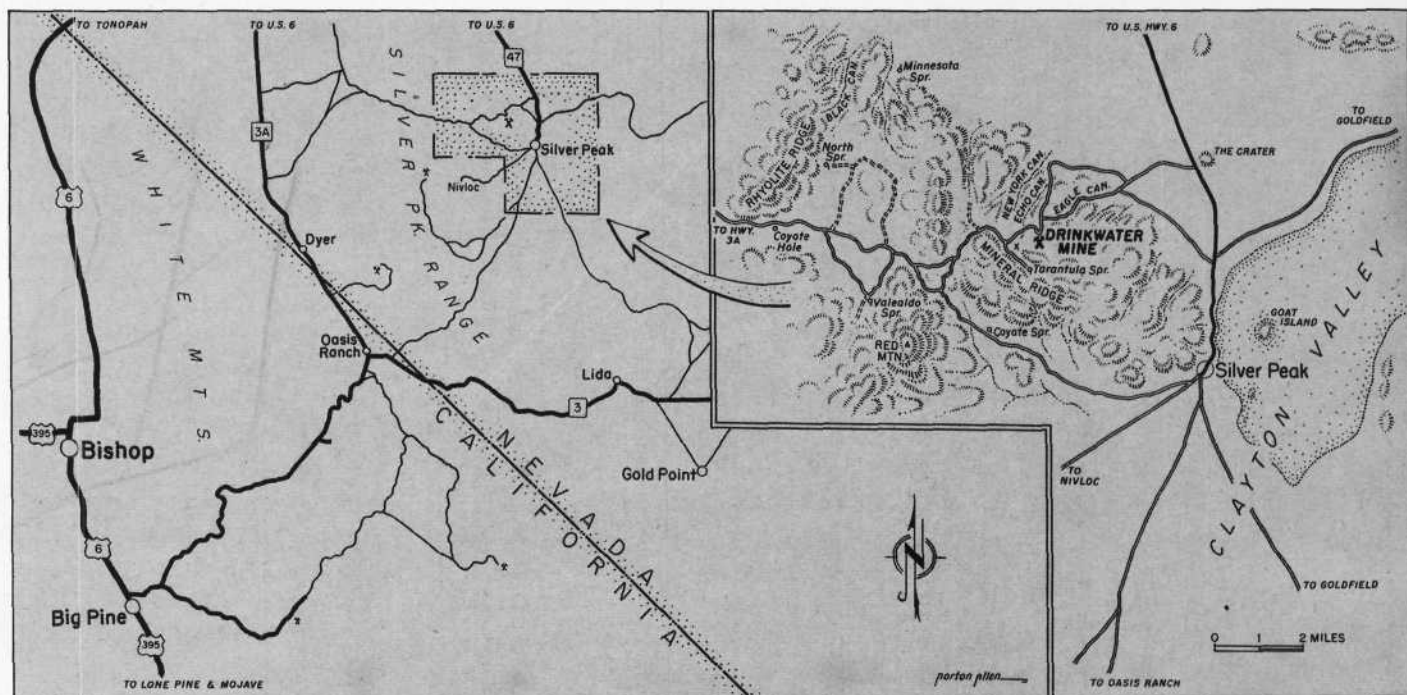




One of Nevada's oldest mining camps, Silver Peak is no longer a ghost town. Today it has a new processing plant and proud citizens who have brought life and activity to the community.

to the number of other types of business. Gun play was a daily event. As in other mining camps, Silver Peak had its own unique characters. The "Frenchman" was a little fellow who was never appreciated until the day Al Cook, a nasty-tempered gunman from Arizona, shot it out with the friendly, well-liked McIvor after abusing the latter's dog. Shots flew back and forth across the main street as each man took shelter. Unaware of a gun battle, the well intoxicated Frenchman staggered and sang his way along the street. Not one bullet hit him while McIvor was fatally wounded when a slug went through the casement of the saloon door.

A SILVER LINING by Elizabeth Beebe



Even better known than the lucky Frenchman was Boney Aguilar, a one-time Mexican miner who found it more profitable to provide hot mineral baths for tired miners. Water tanks and an adobe building near an abandoned mine, just out of sight of the main part of Silver Peak are reputed to have been Boney's saloon and mineral baths. Taking advantage of the natural mineral springs, Boney advocated their curative

powers and his patrons agreed there was nothing as relaxing and health restoring as his hot baths unless it was the drinks served in the saloon.

There were good times and bad for Silver Peak and each slump seemed to spell the end for the camp, but a new discovery or demand would bring in a new population. During one revival of mining activity the citizens petitioned the state for a high school. Nevada's law

stated that there could be support for only one high school in a 40 mile radius and there was already one at Goldfield 38¾ miles distance. Silver Peak parents agreed to put the school 1¼ mile distance from town and the state moved in a frame building from an abandoned camp.

One night, shortly after the school opened, a group of townsmen hauled the building to the desired site in town. When word got around the local law saved face by fining the culprits and then used the money to give the whole community a party in the building.

Today Silver Peak is starting on another renewal of life and children again race up and down the dusty paths and climb among the ruins of other boom periods. The big production now is from deep wells and evaporative tanks with the end product being lithium carbonate and associated chemicals.

Two routes reach Silver Peak; one goes south 18 miles from U.S. 6 on State 47 and is surfaced, the other leaves U.S. 95, five miles north of Goldfield on a dirt road. The route from Goldfield, though longer and sometimes rough after a rain, goes through interesting, changing scenery and crosses the great marsh and sink. The old road skirted the marsh and the miles of evaporative vats did not exist until recently. Ruins of the Big Blair Mine still stand along the old road, but it is advisable to inquire in Silver Peak as to the condition of the unmaintained section of road before attempting to visit.

From the Goldfield road the settlement of Silver Peak can be seen for some distance across the turquoise blue water and appears to be tucked back in a cove. Upon reaching the old camp site the impression changes like a mirage; buildings of many periods, in various stages of disintegration, are scattered about and only a small resemblance to a main street remains. A sign reading "No Peddlers, No Agents," seems a bit out of place, and one wonders when those gentlemen last found Silver Peak a worthwhile market place, or if they were ever welcome.

It is well worth your time to visit this unique camp with its old buildings, abandoned mines and half-finished adobe walls which are in sharp contrast to the new processing plant and the mobile homes rising over the ruins of the past. □



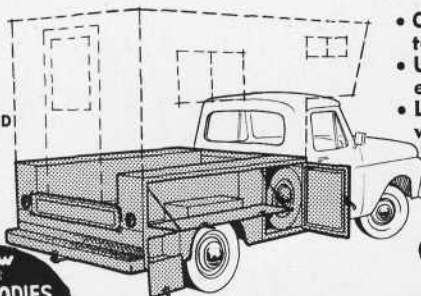
The post office, once a residence, stands near Lazy Way Street. Just across from it is the bottle house. Abandoned mine and mill site is just around the mountain from Silver Peak.



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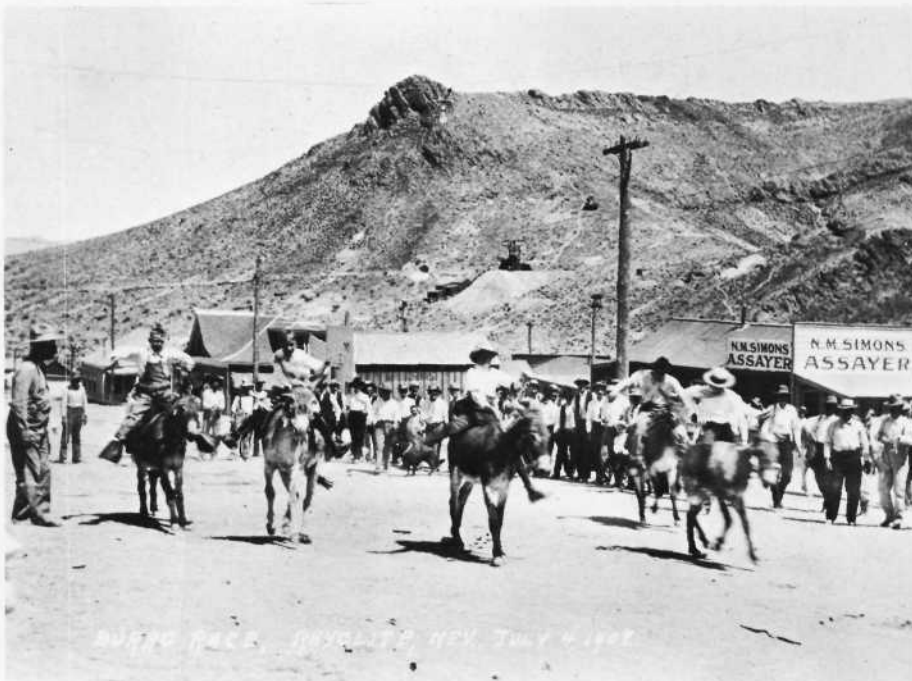
DREAMS TO DUST

Continued from Page 11

and amethyst. Behind the house, fenced in by hay bails, were three burros and a few cackling chickens.

We wandered around to the front of the bottle house, reluctant to leave the quiet solitude that spoke so fluently of the past. We thought of the monument we had seen at the south end of Death Valley. The bronze plaque bore the inscription, "Bury me beside Jim Dayton in the valley we loved. Above me write: Here lies Shorty Harris, a Single Blanket Jackass Prospector." Did he realize the lives and dreams he had stirred with his squatty piece of Bullfrog gold?

A burro's clamorous voice broke into the silence and was carried off into the canyon by the sweeping wind. A paper cup clattered down the unkept road and disappeared into the arms of a grease-wood. We got back into our roving home and drove off toward Daylight Pass. We sympathize with this excerpt from the editorial in the *Rhyolite Herald*, April 7, 1911, written by Earle R. Clemens: "Who can tell what yet may be found here in these rhyolite hills, where great veins, rich at the surface, but leached at depth, may contain all the wealth of Croesus!" □



During its heyday, Rhyolite had its social and civic activities. This is a burro race in 1908 held during a Fourth of July celebration.

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Desert Gardening

by Eric Johnson

In low elevations of Coachella Valley, Imperial Valley, the Salt River Valley and Tucson plan your job of pruning of roses so as to have all pruning completed by February 15. In high elevation gardens of Las Vegas, Barstow, Lancaster, Yucca Valley it may be wise to do your pruning the first of March in case there is a heavy late freeze.

Prune Deciduous Trees

Pruning of all deciduous fruit and shade trees should be under way and completed by March first in all areas. Berry and grapevine pruning jobs should move along quickly.

Fit Watering to the Weather

In all desert areas change your watering schedule to fit the season. Cold and frosty mornings combined with wind and warm middle-of-the-day temperatures will produce drying conditions. Adjust your watering to the short days, widely spaced rains, winds, and cold. Lawns are apt to dry out, shallow rooted annuals, bulbs, perennials begin to show signs of drooping or even turning yellow. Container plants need special attention under these conditions.

Plant Windbreaks

Control the drying, burning, dessicating effect of heavy winds that are so much a part of our desert areas and you do much to create a more livable climate for plants and man. The single, double or even triple row of hedge plants can create the kind of climate control needed to protect other garden plants. Best candidates for windbreak in low elevation areas are oleander, Aleppo pine, Italian stone pine, pyracantha, pampas grass, and eucalyptus. In sand dune areas you may have to resort to growing cuttings of tamarisk to hold back both sand and wind. In high elevation areas purple hop bush, oleander, and eucalyptus would not take the extremes in cold weather.

Make Hardwood Cuttings

In high elevation gardens, make hard-

wood cuttings of deciduous trees such as poplars, sycamores, and weeping willow. Make your own shrub cuttings of deutzia, forsythia, kolkwitzia, philadelphus, weigela, lilacs, and pussy willow. Make cuttings six to twelve inches long, bottom cut just below a leaf joint. Store cuttings in a shallow trench or box, cover with soil or sand, preferred, keep moist until cuttings have calloused or formed roots. Plant in permanent location or in containers to grow on for transplanting later in the season.

Plant New Roses

Make new rose plantings at this season. Roses provide long season bloom for both garden show as well as for flower arrangements. Many old favorites continue to be planted, however, the work of rose hybridizers increases the number of new forms, colors, and types available each year.

Locate in full or morning sun. Avoid reflected surfaces on the west side of buildings or walls. Always keep the bud above ground and face to the northeast to prevent burn on the bud union. Space new plantings of floribunda and hybrid tea roses 30 to 36 inches apart. Grandiflora roses need four to five feet spacing. Plan to make first rose fertilizer applications on mature roses as plants begin to develop leaf buds in low elevation areas late this month, in high elevation gardens in late February.

New Systemic Insecticides

The new systemic insecticide and fertilizer combination material now available provides control of sucking aphid insects. The insecticide flows up from the roots into the sap stream of the plant. The fertilizer provides the boost that roses require for vigorous growth. Roses are heavy feeders and need an application at the beginning of each cycle of bloom. Deep watering is essential at all times. Flood irrigate rather than sprinkle. In some areas overhead watering can produce mildew when humidity builds up. □

GYPSUM CAVERN

Continued from Page 29

meal. Corn cobs were fairly plentiful as were four types of cultivated beans. Among traces of wild plants were mesquite or agave (quids). Many seeds of desert plants were also found, the mesquite and the screwbean being the most prominent.

Going beyond the study of the inhabitants of the cave and their implements we find that the cave itself was formed during a very wet period in ancient history followed by increasing dryness terminating in the extreme arid condition we find today. Research shows the last extremely wet condition in Nevada was at a time of great glacial activity in the Pleistocene period. If this is true then the strata of the cave would indicate the lowest level culture in the cave (sloth and man) to be 10,500 years or 8500 B.C. when man and sloth met in the cave.

Today Gypsum Cave remains much as it was those long centuries past. The ceiling is still black from the smoke of long extinguished ancient fires. The opaque gypsum still glows when a torch is held near and the great rocks are at grotesque angles just as that shattering earthquake left them. True there are evidences of man's work in the cave attempting to discover the golden links to our past but the cave itself remains as it was, high on a limestone spur of the Frenchman or Sunrise Mountain, just 16 miles east of Las Vegas, Nevada.

The cave mouth lies 150 to 200 feet above the lowland. It is difficult to distinguish when first approached, the white limestone "dump" in front being the only landmark. Directions to the Gypsum cave are as follows:

Follow Lake Mead Boulevard to Nellis Boulevard and begin taking mileage from Nellis to the John Mansfield turnoff; 7.5 miles turn left for 2.7 miles, a small rutted road on the left .07 miles takes you within 150 feet of the cave. While walking up the small winding trail keep a sharp eye out for fossils. The limestone houses many perfect examples of bivalve clams and plant impressions and leaf fragments. A trip to the Gypsum cave and the fossilized hills surrounding it is truly a giant step back into our great history. □

TRAIL OF THE GRAVES

Continued from Page 9

which they found in the stage. It is believed the lives of the two survivors were saved by the most of the Indians giving up the pursuit to engage in the drunken orgy that followed.

The massacre of so many travelers at one time was in itself sufficient to incite General Crook's forces into drastic action. The incident was focused into further prominence by one of the victims being Fred Loring, a scientist who had done outstanding work with the Whipple Survey Party when it plotted a course for a proposed transcontinental railroad. General Crook's seeming ruthlessness in dealing with the Apaches drew criticism from certain officials far from the scene, but it is a matter of record he made many fruitless efforts to single out those responsible for the massacre before beginning his campaign against the entire Apache tribe.

Throughout the years of Apache atro-

cities along other sections of the Wickenburg-Ehrenberg road, Joe Drew lived in peace at his station. That the renegades left him alone may have been due to his lack of worldly possessions or just their preference for having their intended victims out in the open before attacking them.

When I made my first visit to Culling's Well in 1954, I was told in Wickenburg that it was located three miles from the highway, 38 miles to the west, but I found I had to continue on to Wenden, then travel over 10 miles of unbroken desert to reach it. The frame over the well from which Joe Drew hung his beacon light had been replaced with a plank cover, but the "plunk" of a stone dropped through an opening suggested that the well still held a good supply of water. The unusual thickness of the stage station walls indicated they might have been made to repel hostile attacks, but history has not recorded their ever being put to that test.

In its 1968 issue of "Room to Roam," the Bureau of Land Management lists

Culling's Well as one mile west of Wenden, but that is not the area in which I found it back in 1954. To make certain of its location I wrote to the Arizona State Department of Library and Archives and learned the original information, 39 miles west of Wickenburg, was correct and that the site was now accessible directly from the highway. The Bureau of Land Management mileage figure was probably due to a misprint.

Included with the information which confirmed the location of Culling's Well was the news that owing to a flood a few years back and to vandalism, only a few small sections of the station walls remain. I was there last July and if I had not been forewarned of the destruction I would not have recognized the site. During my 1954 visit the station walls were still standing after nearly 100 years of weathering, so it is questionable that storms over the past 15 years would have caused such damage. Perhaps the greater portion of it may be charged correctly to vandalism.

Although little remains of the station in which Joe Drew aided unfortunate travelers on the Trail of the Graves, the site is still rated as a prominent Arizona historical landmark. The Bureau of Land Management has included it in a list of public domain areas which have been set aside for enjoyment by present and future generations. So far about 125 historical and recreational locations in the Southwest have been taken into their program.

You can reach the turn-off road to Culling's Well by traveling either east or west on U.S. 60, but you will find it easier to locate by approaching from the west. Watch for a roadside rest area on the north side of the highway 9.5 miles east of Wenden, then continue on another .5 miles where a gravel road leads northward toward Culling's Well. This road is marked with a wooden signboard about four feet square which reads:

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Follow the gravel road until it makes a sharp turn eastward, about 2.6 miles. Leave the road at the turn and proceed .4 miles straight ahead to the stage station site. The well is located a short distance beyond an earthen dike which runs through the area about 100 feet north of the station.

□
39



Author examines the well over which Joe Drew mounted his beacon light to guide travelers on the Trail of the Graves to water and safety.

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Woman's Viewpoint



JANUARY IS my favorite month. It is a month for resolutions and for things there are never time to do the rest of the year. New Year's resolutions have been an important part of my life ever since I was a bride. One New Year's afternoon, after a holiday of one bad pie after another, I made a resolution. As the bowl games blared on, I resolved to make pie every single week that year. The first two months were spent experimenting with no-fail crust recipes. (Which did.) Finally a plain old-fashioned mixture began to work. That year we had pies with fillings of cream, nuts, and fruit; pies with lattice tops, rope edges, and cut outs. By the end of the year I could whip out a pie in 15 minutes with no waste, the kitchen would not be in shambles, and it would taste like pie was meant to taste.

January can be spent doing things you want to do rather than things you have to do. There is no spring gardening, summer vacations, fall school sewing, or holiday cooking that has to be done. This is the time to read, go tubing on a snowy slope or browse through an antique shop.

A great January project, if you haven't already made one, is a game chest to entertain children when traveling. Any old suitcase will do; mine came from the Salvation Army thrift store. If it is scuffed up, cover it with contact paper or paint it with bisque wax (a new water soluble paint found in craft shops that dries like shiny enamel.) The fun part is assembling games, tricks and crafts to go inside.

First a word of warning—each item that goes in the game chest should be checked to see it is safe to use while traveling. Pencils and pointed scissors are out. A sudden jerk could cause a child to severely jab himself.

Puppets are fun for a wide range of ages. They can be made from most anything—paper cups, paper mache, balls, cloth or wood. The opened suitcase can be the stage. Peanut shells with facial features painted on and tissue costumes make instant disposable puppets. Or permanent puppets can be made from scraps of felt. We usually ad lib famous fairy tales for our back seat productions.

One of the most used items in our game chest is a twelve-inch square felt pocket with a zipper at the top. One side is marked with a tic-tac-toe board. The other side is squared for a checker board. Inside the zipper are the felt checkers and the Xs and Os for the tic-tac-toe. The checkers won't slip and there is no need for a pencil with the tic-tac-toe. The felt pocket has provided many peaceful driving hours for our family.

Children will usually sit for hours quietly stringing necklaces. Colored macaroni, wooden beads, short lengths of straw or rigatoni can be used. Coat about one inch of the end of a length of yarn with glue. When this end hardens it is easy for even a two-year-old to string a necklace.

Include a frisbee and a ball to play with when you stop. Children need an active game to release pent-up energy that has built up while riding.

Other items that can be added are: tiny puzzles of wood, plastic, cardboard, or metal; plastic clay, magic markers, string, blunt scissors, crayons and embossed napkins. Game chests seem to evolve, becoming better and more useful each year. An item that seems like a great idea in January may turn out to be as popular as broccoli at school lunch when on vacation. While another insignificant item will turn out to be such fun it will be included on every trip. Readers, if you have any sure-fire ideas for entertaining children when traveling, let us hear about it. □

John A. Robinson

Calendar of Western Events

This column is a public service and there is no charge for listing your event or meeting—so take advantage of the space by send-in your announcement. However, we must receive the information at least two months prior to the event. Be certain to furnish complete details.

JANUARY 12—FEBRUARY 11, PRESERVATION THROUGH DOCUMENTATION to preserve historic houses and buildings. Arizona State Museum, University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona.

JANUARY 24 & 25, CALIFORNIA STATE ASSOCIATION OF FOUR WHEEL DRIVE CLUBS, INC., Del Webb Hotel, Fresno, Calif. For information write Don Dobson, 4574 East Turner, Fresno, 93702.

JANUARY 31—FEBRUARY 8, ELEVENTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF ARTS, featuring outstanding Western artists from the historic Santa Cruz Valley in Southern Arizona. Event draws spectators from throughout the world. Tubac, Arizona. For information write Eldon Holmquist, P. O. Box 1932, Tubac, Arizona 85640.

FEBRUARY 5-9, FOURTH ANNUAL POW WOW, ROCK AND GEM SHOW, Quartzsite, Arizona. Displays of hobbies, crafts, bottles, ceramics, etc. Tail-gating and field trips. For information write Mrs. Vaun Allen, Box 623, Quartzsite, Arizona 85346.

FEBRUARY 13-15, A WORLD OF MINERALS sponsored by the Tucson Gem and Mineral Society and the Rocky Mountain Federation of Mineralogical Societies, Tucson, Arizona Rodeo Grounds. For information write Tucson Gem and Mineral Society, P.O. Box 6363, Tucson, Arizona 85716.

FEBRUARY 19-21, SCOTTSDALE ROCK CLUB'S 5th Annual Show. Scottsdale, Arizona. For information write Oren Sprague, 116 E. Del Rio, Tempe, Arizona 85281.

FEBRUARY 21 & 22, GALAXY OF GEMS sponsored by the Santa Clara Valley Gem & Mineral Society, Santa Clara County Fairgrounds, 344 Tully Road, San Jose, Calif. Fifty cent donation, children free. Dealers, rock swaps, science movies, etc. For information write to P.O. Box 54, San Jose, Calif. 95132.

FEBRUARY 27-MARCH 8, IMPERIAL VALLEY GEM AND MINERAL SOCIETY'S 23rd annual show, Imperial County, California Mid-Winter Fair, El Centro, Calif. For information write Mrs. George Hoyt, 2202 Hartshorn Road, Holtville, Calif. 92250.

Only Pack Rats . . .

The enclosed clipping was taken from the *Rochester Times-Union* of December 14, 1969. Next year I hope to take an extended vacation in California. My itinerary includes several mining camps near Death Valley and I am wondering about the condition these camps were left in by these "nomads." Could you inform Eastern readers of your magazine concerning the state of these mining camps?

FRED STEENSMA,
Rochester, New York.

Editor's Note: The clipping Reader Steensma enclosed was an Associated Press account of the arrest of a band of 27 men and women who hid out in abandoned mining camps in and around Death Valley. They allegedly had stolen four-wheel-drive vehicles and other loot. We assure all Desert readers this incident was an isolated case and that there is not a resurgence of the "wild West" in the Twentieth Century. As shown in our November '69 issue there are many interesting mining camps and ghost towns in the West whose only occupants are pack rats, not human rats.

Animal Slaughter . . .

The resolution protecting certain species of wildlife as adopted by the Desert Protective Council (Desert, Oct. '69) with your endorsement heartens me. Our local Audubon Society has endorsed this resolution and efforts are being made to get others to do so.

This summer I was enrolled in a field biology course at a nearby junior college with the understanding that conservation was to be stressed. Our only textbook was Environmental Conservation. A number of field trips were made in the desert and mountains extending until after midnight or even overnight for taking of insects and trapping rodents. Each student was supposed to set a line of 15 baited museum-type traps; these failed to kill instantly. On overnight trips live traps could be used also.

Where trapping was called *good*, numbers of pocket mice, kangaroo rats and shrews were taken from which study skins were prepared. I was horrified to see the happy hunters come in with literally a string of little creatures like trappers of old. By this time I was excused from trapping as I was protesting the destruction of multiple specimens of identical species. Some of this was done in public campgrounds with other campers, and especially questioning children, watching the slaughter and taxidermy, some of whom will no doubt go out and try it on their own. Our teacher did have a permit, of course.

On our last overnight trip a number of little creatures were taken unharmed in the live traps. Upon our arrival home after traveling through 110° daytime temperatures I was horrified to learn that the animals had been carried in another vehicle still in the traps which were packed into their closed cardboard cartons. Naturally all had perished in agonized

Letters to the Editor



Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope.

postures. Our teacher laughed it off with "somebody goofed."

I understand this is not an unusual class at all. There seems to be a rivalry among local junior colleges, and I suppose other colleges and even high schools, to build up the biggest and best collection. When you consider that most of the students in these classes will be teachers, if they teach the same type of field and laboratory work how much wildlife will be sacrificed? I am not opposed to research and laboratory work with a purpose when performed with humanity, I believe in it.

In our class no mention was made of the interesting and often beneficial habits and lives of these little creatures, and their adaptation to their habitat was passed over lightly. Certainly with the multiplicity of collections there are already plenty of specimens to study and identify.

It is my sincere hope that in time legislation may be passed protecting more of these small denizens of our deserts and mountains.

MRS. WINSTON F. STOODY,
Whittier, California.

Pan Happy . . .

The color illustration by Al Morton for the Pan Happy article in the September '69 issue shows a veteran gold panner. Thought you might like to see a photograph of the younger gold panning generation looking for "color" in the San Gabriel Mountains above Azusa. He is my 2-year-old son, Patrick.

CLIFF STANLEY,
West Covina, California.



Wanted Posters . . .

The Tombstone Restoration Commission is a non-profit organization dedicated to the Restoration of Tombstone. One of our fund raising efforts in a bookstore located in the above pictured State Courthouse Museum.

One item we are particularly anxious to find is the collection of reprints of old "wanted posters." Usually these are printed on a weathered looking parchment paper. Should you know of a source for these, we would appreciate your notifying us.

PRESTON SPENCER,
Tombstone Restoration Commission
P. O. Box 606
Tombstone, Arizona.

Editor's Note: Could a Desert reader possibly help the Tombstone Restoration Commission?

H.E.L.P. Needs Help . . .

Am pleased with cry from H.E.L.P. as shown in the letter in the November issue from Mrs. R. F. Laux. You also seem interested as shown in Editor's Note to letter from Denise Pangersis. We intend to do our share, but how do we get the message across to non-readers of your fine magazine? Can't someone promote a decal at a reasonable cost and thereby afford an opportunity to tell the curious as to what H.E.L.P. means?

Help Eliminate Litter Please

Yours for a cleaner Oregon too!

GINI and JOHN GEBELIN, JR.,
Glenden Beach, Oregon.

Mr. Ichthyosaur Park . . .

In looking over some past issues of *Desert*, I found the article *When Giant Lizards Lived*. I was amazed and shocked that the name of Dr. Charles Camp of the University of California had been omitted. He IS Mr. Ichthyosaur Park! In the 1950s the excavating was just beginning and was carried on by Dr. Camp nearly single-handedly. He devoted his summers and finally his sabbatical year to this work. Just possibly Dr. Camp knows nothing about this. I hope he doesn't. But it hurts my husband and me to have such a richly deserved credit not given where credit is due.

MRS. BERNICE RANDOLPH,
Lodi, California.

Unfriendly Hippies . . .

Just thought we should report to anyone intending to visit Ruby, Arizona in the future to forget it. We were going to make a return visit recently but cancelled the trip when the owner of a motel told us the road was washed out and rough even for four-wheel-drive vehicles.

Even if you could get there, he said the town is inhabited by a most unfriendly band of hippies who not only refuse to let anyone see the buildings but actually run people off. This is pretty sad and we thought unwary visitors should know.

MRS. W. J. MARPLE,
Fullerton, California.

A Warning for people who carry credit cards.



In a recent issue of the Los Angeles Times the lead story, "Spiraling Thefts Lead to New Credit Card Protection Service," warned readers that credit card theft is soaring. That thousands of Americans who never thought it could happen to them will lose a whopping \$50 million this year. And that it can happen to you.

Fact is you can lose a credit card by carelessness or theft and find yourself with bills for *thousands* of dollars in a matter of days! (One of our members called in last week when his cards were stolen from his glove compartment. A lady whose purse was taken from the locked trunk of her car while she was golfing. And a businessman who lost his cards while vacationing in Hawaii. Etc.)

That's why we started Protect-a-Card. The Credit Card Protection Service that sends stop-payment notice to all your credit cards in minutes.

For only \$5 we record your cards and account numbers at our Data Center. Then if they're lost or stolen you just call us *collect*. 24 hours a day. From anywhere in the continental U.S. (From overseas you simply cable.)

We'll immediately wire stop-payment notice to all your card companies. At no charge to you. Then we'll send you copies of those wires. So you have time-dated *proof* of the notification that ends your liability.

Since you are liable for all charges made with your cards until you give proper (written)

notification to the card issuing company, the most important thing to do when your cards are missing is get notification to each card issuer *fast*. Protect-a-Card does this for you electronically. Infinitely faster than you could do it yourself. And with none of the worries and headaches.

End credit card worries today. Mail the coupon with a \$5 check (protects your cards for a full year) and a list of your credit cards and account numbers. We'll rush you a thief-warning membership card and a key-ring tag inscribed with our 24-hour emergency telephone number. (Like those in the picture.)

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City State Zip

For telephone identification:

Soc. Sec. No. Age

Occupation

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